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'Capt. Kirk has been my hero. In recent years, I learned that it was the actor behind Kirk I admired.'

SUPER-CRIMINAL B.C.

THE DRUG TRADE has always flourished in the Vancouver area. However, in the past few years, B.C. had become one of the most criminal hotbeds in North America ("How it G," became a world crime superpower," National, May 10). There are a couple of reasons for this. There is a big river that runs along the border, and when criminals are caught for making, growing, or selling drugs, they get sent to jail. It would seem to me that our judges have to get a grip on this and start sentencing to help and significant progress. While this would not completely eliminate the problem, it would reduce the number of gang members in the Vancouver area. *Merrill Blake, Delta, B.C.*

AS A BRITISH COLUMBIAN and a recently retired police officer, I found your article on crime in B.C. enlightening but true. I know this police in B.C. work hard identifying, growing, and the criminals and gangs behind them, charging those involved when ever possible. My own experience working drug files leads me to conclude the courts simply do not understand the seriousness of the crime. Let's face it, as long as there are no significant consequences for their crimes they will be no reason to alter behaviour. British Columbia truly is one of the most beautiful places on earth but the criminal history really won't be worth seeing if personal safety is eroded to the point where we all live in fear. Thank you for exposing our not so secret secret. *Rob Gassner, Vancouver, B.C.*

THANKS FOR WRITING this article. Possibly it will awaken the public to the fact we have a major problem here. I think if you mailed a complimentary copy of this issue to each of the MLAs in B.C., you would be doing a big favour to all our concerned citizens. *John and Ray Ryan, Vernon, B.C.*

IT IS CLEAR that our crime is driven for the most part by the illegal drug trade here in B.C. So what is the answer? Prohibition does not work. It is a great tragedy that our government is making war on its citizens over this issue. *Allen Winkler, Parksville, B.C.*

"B.C. WORLD crime superpower?" Perhaps *William Shakespeare's* interestingly timely cover? Absolutely. *Anne Roberts, Surrey, B.C.*

NOT-SO-GOLDEN YEARS

SOME ITEM ON British Columbia's *Simon Fraser University* trying to end five reasons for seniors caught our attention ("Golden Age," *Good News*, May 10). The piece indicates there needs to be a debate on the justification for the ubiquitous seniors' discounts and ends with the statement, "Maybe they [seniors] will be too vain to ditch these discount cards, but don't bet on it." How arrogant! This is again as its most blatant and is offensive to a large and significant segment of Canada's population. Canada's seniors contribute greatly to the economy, we

DERBY DAY HORROR

THOUGH DERBY HORSE racing needs to restore its priorities to include soundness and strength in training, not just lightning speed ("Just try to keep these horses from racing," *From the Editor*, May 10). Some of the old timers who had great success would not breed horses—even winners—that had fewer than 75 career starts, an indicator of soundness and staying power. For generations now, speed has been the only criteria, along with flashy pedigrees and high auction prices. The result is horses that cannot deal with the rigors of racing without catastrophic results as race cases than we would like to admit. If these colts are overbred, caring people will indeed turn away from the "Sport of Kings." None of us enjoys watching a race while holding our breath and hoping we will not have to endure the sight of a horrific breakdown on track or off. *Val Selwyn, Powell River, B.C.*

THE EDITORS of *Maclean's* wonder "who's getting the better of the bargain" in the long-standing relationship between gamblers and horse racing. The answer is self-evident in the way we bend the self-interest of the horse to satisfy our own demands for profit, companionship, entertainment (at least 100 horses were reportedly killed in the chariot race of 1935's *Red Hot*), meat, and a working race. Right before the end of three years of age, when the capacity of living to be in. When you have a race, the animal is running on human-made tracks, they are bound to be problems. According to the American Association of Equine Practitioners, the racing industry will find 714 catastrophic breakdowns a year, or one a day. Most horses probably die before to race, but you can only love something when you can do it on your own terms. In this so-called bargain forged with man, we all know who gets the better. *Michael Neumann, Toronto*

ADOPTION WAIT TIMES

WE WOULD LIKE to respond on behalf of Open Arms to International Adoption to your recent article, "Waiting for the Chinese Baby Bubble" (*Society*, May 10). Your readers should be aware that, though Open Arms did decline a request for an interview, we were not given an opportunity to respond to any of the specific statements made about it



are used tell our last breath. And in spite of what you may think, many seniors are not wealthy.

Wayne and Barb Morrison, Riverside, N.B.

WHAT WOULD SHATNER DO?

THANKS FOR THE ARTICLE on William Shatner (*Overview*, May 15). For most of my life, the Star Trek character Captain Kirk has been my hero. In recent years, I learned that it was the actor behind Kirk I admired. Shatner seems to have taken criticism about such things as his acting and other reasons spirited itself all the way to the back. If I could, I'd adopt him as my dad! As a Christian, I admit that the question I ask myself when I'm in a jam is not "What would Jesus do?", but "What would Captain Kirk do?" Love ya, Mr. Shatner. *Gwen Thornton, London, Ont.*

in this article, nor was a request made to speak to anyone else who was present at the meeting that Mr. Sims attended. The fact of the matter is that Melville was a hostile and disruptive presence at the meeting who refused to identify himself and was asked to leave after he was given at least five minutes to address the meeting.

Anyone who has dealt with our executive director knows that she is an unusually pleasant person, and your magazine has done both Open Arms and her a grave disservice. It is noteworthy that Mr. Blum also made various comments about his social worker who, unlike Open Arms, is given the courtesy of anonymity.

There is no question that the wait times for Chinese adoptions, which at one time were as short as six months, are lengthening. There is no question that this is extremely frustrating for everyone involved in adoptions from China. It seems, however, that in order to obtain an exciting adoption to lead off your story, you have failed the basic test of journalistic fairness.

Angus Armstrong, President, and Deborah Maw, Executive Director, Open Arms to International Adoption, Toronto

MY TIMELINE and adoption agency are the same as those of Michael Sims and Stephanie Hootner, the couple in your article about international adoptions. Unlike them, we knew of the slowdown as soon as our agency did. We were in constant contact with Deborah Biele of Open Arms, who did everything she could to establish ourselves. She even travelled to China to visit the Centre for Adoptees Affairs' newly built headquarters. Assurances from staff assured her that the program was still on track. By summer 2007, even Deborah was untroubled by the unprecedented wait. But the news hit the truth from us.

As for Stern and Hodeson, printed-in-duped innocents, here's a few details you write: Katrina Oswald critical: "When you enter the program, you are asked if you're trying to conceive to ensure you're not in it as a fallback. Should you get pregnant, you're supposed to advise your social workers. Clearly Stern and Hodeson did not feel bound by these rules. More revealing perhaps is that they did not complain until after they had conceived three children and pulled out of the program."

Being an adoptive parent is not for the faint of heart. I am biologically capable of having children, but I chose international adoption. When I look at my Chinese daughter, I know she is my child, the one I was waiting for. And as we wait patiently for her sister, we move through months and years securing ourselves that when she's ready for us, we'll get her.

Leslie Elise, Toronto



WHEN I LOSE, as my Chinese daughter, I know she is the one I waited for, a reader says

MY WIFE AND I have adopted our two girls from China and were assisted by Deborah Maw of Open Arms throughout the process. Ms. Maw's work can only be characterized as above and beyond to the three it takes her away from her own family, which includes four adopted children: Five Chinas, Indians and such as Ms. Maw are doing their best to minimize war times for adoption from China, but prospective adoptive parents are asking them to "crystal ball" war times. They have no control over factors influencing the long-waiting war times. The recent earthquake in China might possibly increase or even decrease their wait times. It is awful that someone like Ms. Maw does not have a lightning rod for unfair crickets.

THOMAS KUBICKI, TUCSON

I FEEL FOR the plight of infertile families, especially those that refuse to adopt an international child, as well as the fives. However, what I don't agree with is how these people are willing to wait up to five years for a child when there are many children in our own country who are sitting in foster care just begging to be adopted. A woman in your story wanted to adopt a third child, who was special needs, in China. Well, what about all the special needs children in Canada?

Audrey Bell, St. Catharines, Ont.

NO DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH

THE DIAMOND-STEREODEOS advertising campaign was not worthy of a three-page article ("Diamonds are a brand's best friend," *Business Week*, 10/11/93).

ness, May 12). It was simply a bunch of people praising the campaign; he felt it was some little thing, even though it was, in fact, Hunter S. Thompson's admission that he thought it was "the masterpiece, never also easy," and that its success "was a fluke." When something works by accident, it can no longer be praised as "brilliant." Somewhere in continuing his own ideas didn't make him humble, but being one of the few to realize the truth behind the campaign's success, it may make him one of the most brilliant people in advertising.

John Gresham Ferguson, Toronto

Julian Grenier Ferguson, Toronto

IN PASSING

Sydney Pollack, 71, *Glennville*: He came to prominence in the 1960s as a director of middle-class films such as *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* He made numerous films with Robert Redford, including *Three Days of the Condor* and *Hombre*, and won a Best Director Oscar for another Redford picture, *Out of Africa*. He'd previously won for the comedy *Shogun*.

Willy Lamb, 94, physicist. He won the Nobel Prize in 1935 for work on the electron structure of the hydrogen atom. His co-authoring of a study that showed the more charged the amount of energy it gave off when exposed to microwaves, what became known as the "Lamb shift," changed the quantum theory of matter.



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Quebec: maybe identity is the real problem



ANDREW COYNE

Why, no, the writer and sequestrist protested, his use of the phrase was not meant to call attention to her black skin. For de tout. He was only making a play on the term *no-negro*, used in colonial times to denote a particularly pliant kind of local ruler, propped up to give the natives the illusion of autonomy. Perhaps you've spotted the subtle analogy: her role, as a francophone Quebecer, was to placate Quebec, on behalf of her English masters.

So you are? It isn't that she's black. It's that she's an Uncle Tom. What on earth is all the fuss about?

This is a variant on what Louis l'Alouette defended. When the late Pierre Trudeau, the nationalistic chairman of Quebec, was quoted as saying Jews "take up too much space" in Quebec, his defense, like Benoit's, was that he had been misinterpreted. It wasn't their religion or their ethnicity he found so sufficient, but their unfortunate habit of speaking English. It's not that they're Jews. It's just that they're *no-quebecois*.

The distinction, I should say, is subtly unique to *l'Alouette*. It is a familiar part of the province's political discourse, rooted out whenever, as often happens, some nationalist politician lets slip a remark that inadvertently reveals a view of Quebec divided between "us" and "them," the overwhelmingly white French-speaking majority, and that usefully foreign or *no-quebecois*. Quickly, the chastened public figure issues a clarification, or is made to. It is the French language that makes us *us*, so far as necessities are prepared to speak French, it is always open to them to join. Of course.

It is no surprise, then, to find the same dichotomy running throughout the recent

report of the *Commission de consultation sur les pratiques d'accommodement reliées aux différences culturelles*, or so it is more popularly known, the Bouchard-Taylor commission, after its two distinguished chairmen: the sociologist Gérard Bouchard and the philosopher Charles Taylor. Their report has been rightly praised for its plangent response to the *no-hyphen* that prevailed in the province a couple of years ago over the supposedly unreasonable demands of religious minorities for "accommodations," and more broadly over the place of immigrants in Quebec society. The incidents that had sparked so much concern, the commission argued, were almost invariably overblown. Fears once inflamed by a sensationalist media and demagogic politicians had once largely subsided.

While there would inevitably be the odd occasion where differing religious traditions

came into conflict, it went on, these could for the most part be negotiated by people of goodwill, no need to tug the counters to every dispute. So far as the issue of identity is, its role was to maintain a *no-quebecois* neutrality, neither preferring one religion to another nor banning all religious display from the public square, but rather practicing what the commissioners called "open secularism." These most ordinary and serene would be permitted to wear religious symbols, but not judges or police officers. The crucifix would be removed from the National Assembly, but not the cross from the top of Mount Royal.

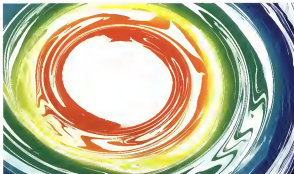
So far, so good. If the commissioners were rather too willing to press of that Quebec's "interculturalism" diffused in some profound way from the "civilized societies" practiced in the rest of the country, they were nevertheless brave enough to suggest, not only that immigrants would eventually have a hand in shaping—and changing—Quebec's culture, but that they had a perfect right to do so. If some of

But should we take that "anxiety over identity" as a given? Or was it, in effect, a choice—a choice to make Quebec's identity, linguistic or otherwise, the primary object of state policy, the rock on which Quebec would be built? Securities, after all, do not always do so. In place of identity—a sort of trait that supposedly marks one group of people out as distinct from others, the preservation of which requires constant vigilance

against imperimorphism—a society may instead choose to develop a set of common political ideals, as in the American democratic ideal: free thought, expression, and the equality of every man.

The commission is determined to do so much tolerance of religious differences, even as it calls for further tightening of the province's language laws, to regulate the use of French in all businesses with more than 20 employees. But the distinction stands to draw—xenophobia, *no-quebecois*, *no-quebecois*—in a blue line. Language is not so easily severed from culture, nor is culture from ethnicity. Immigrants have escaped notice that, 30 years after Bill 101, French-speaking Quebecers are no more reconciled to the presence of minorities in their midst than they were before. Perhaps identity, far from being the solution, is the problem. ■

ON THE WEB: For more Andrew Coyne visit his blog at www.mackenzie.ca/andrewcoyne



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PAUL WELLS

The neocons are stacking up and it's capital like cord-wood, hauled down to junior grad's or locked out altogether. Gordon O'Connor and Rana Andreone were dismissed. He Brown was too, and it's not he'll soon leave government altogether. Mike Cheng quit on a matter of principle, proving he had no place in this cabinet. Now old Maxime Bernier is the p.d.

Stephen Harper's chief of staff, Ian Braden, has announced his departure. This is an out-campaign-freewheeling business is still hanging fire. So is the inquiry into Brian Mulroney's dealings with Karl Heinz Schreiber, which Harper promised in November and so far refuses to deliver. Our troops are at war, we economy tremors.

It is precarious to call Stephen Harper a leader in trouble?

He is mortal, you know, although he will find a way to turn anyone who says so on its head. He reminds even what happened to Jon Chisholm, the way a whole party came up like to many leaders with much to destroy a leader who had built himself a great power. Harper is watching his back. To protect himself, he will not hesitate to be brutal. Conservatives extremely aware Bernier was not to Foreign Affairs in the first place, not because he fit the job, but because it was the most damage possible punch for a potential troublemaker who was too eager to go on.

But maybe even more you are obsessed with ascending. A. Ralph Power said all political careers end in failure. At this early date, what does the field of contenders to replace Harper look like?

A little better, if you must know. Two years ago, just about everyone you asked would say that when the neocons are eventually happened it would come down to Jim Prentice, Peter Mackay and Maxime Bernier. Maybe Rana Andreone. These days are gone.

Bernier may recover one day from his dalliance with Julia Cosfield, but she was not his only problem. He was a weak and inattentive minister. Spines and attention spans are hard to grow.

Andreone is bright and personable, but she made a hash of her first assignment, as environment minister. These days she is still in the cabinet, somewhere, but you cannot find her with teams of bloodhounds. And there's this both Andreone and Prentice are from Calgary. So were Preston Manning. Stackwell Day, Joe Clark and Harper. Well, they moved to British Columbia in 2000, but he probably didn't feel at home. From Ontario Conservatives, at least, I'm hearing that the party will strongly resist a candidacy from

westerners. It's from British Columbia. He speaks excellent French. Harper has stubbornly kept Mulroney out of cabinet. If enough members keep filing lists, that may yet create a competitive advantage.

Belinda Stronach could come back. Small joke.

One day when Harper replicates speculation becomes more fashionable, the first round of entries on the night will send us back look an important detail about the composition of the Conservative Party of Canada. Well, not a detail, more like a defining characteristic. While Progressive Conservatives and the Canadian Alliance merged in 2002 it was not a partnership of equals. Alliance members outnumbered Progressive Conservatives five to one. I asked around this week for an update. With ten of thousands of new members since 2003, nobody knows the proportion now, but it probably will drop to one to one this time around. The party's base ideologically for the right of the Conservative caucus's predominantly voting behaviour and Harper's Ontario-ome 2000.

When the two parties merged, Peter Mackay sought to streamline the Alliance's conservativeism. The party's base ideologically for the right of the Conservative caucus's predominantly voting behaviour and Harper's Ontario-ome 2000.

When the two parties merged, Peter Mackay sought to streamline the Alliance's conservativeism.

Bernier was a weak and inattentive minister. Spines and attention spans are hard to grow.

yet another Alberta. That doesn't he find to a Premier's candidacy if Ontario Conservatives leave everything, Belinda Stronach or Tony Clement would have been able to stop Harper in 2002. But his good code will be a serious weight on Premier's decision.

Who else? Harper's employees have a serious lack of candidates whose first language is French. Since Conservative look longingly to Maxime Bernier, the opposition leader in Quebec's National Assembly. But Bernier has shown no real interest in federal politics, or indeed in Canada outside Quebec. And he's resigned on the wrong side of the 1995 referendum. The vacuum in Quebec makes Bernard Lord, who started so well and ended so badly as New Brunswick premier, a more interesting candidate to replace Harper than he might otherwise be.

Underlings? It could be years before Harper needs replacing. James Mulroney is back, heading, against the party's in interesting ways (he supposed pay raise, for

numerical superiority by insisting that the leadership election process give every elector equal voting power. Last by a one-member, one-vote system. So a riding in Quebec with 40 Conservatives has the same weight as a riding in Alberta with a dozen. Mackay's only hope of succeeding Harper was keeping a disproportionate role for former Progressive Conservatives in the leadership process.

But even with Mackay's preferred system, Harper ruled right over Stronach and Clement. Your standing assumption should be that the next Conservative leader will be palatable to the party's old Reform base.

Who is all the critics I've heard? Nobody. Who is most of them? Stephen Harper. He's still safe, for now. When he does his season of conservatism, in 10 months or 15 years, not all his votes will keep him from it.

ON THE WEB: For more Paul Wells visit his blog at www.macleans.ca/blogs/pwells

Can one be authentic without being a snob?



ANDREW POTTER

The latest *semi-Gayle* Arts was a case of many talents together with, great drink, he was also a talented drinker of snobbery in all its forms. He believed that Dick French was the only novel worth reading, and would almost certainly have had nothing but evening toilet for the current generation of foodies who spend their days talking about green peas, jumbo lobster, and where to score a line of dinner. Antonio Manno's extra virgin olive oil. As Arts wrote in one of his many essays on drinking, "unquestioning devotion to authenticity is, in any department of life, a mark of the naive—or worse."

Arts was indeed better than just about anything about the immortality of the spirit or the obscure or often mistaken for authenticity. He could also, long before it became part of our popular imagination, have the words for authenticity would become the defining spiritual quest of our time. Life, authenticity, authenticity is something defined but people manage it when they see it. These days it appears to have something to do with ideas like "organic" and "natural" and "artisanal" and "local."

Whatever authenticity actually refers to, it has nothing to do with the technological, the most produced, and the commercialized. A wonderful illustration of this is the concept "artisanal" that for hyper-local eating. It began a few years ago with the 100-mile diet, a slightly crazy experiment in local food eating by a couple from British Columbia. For obvious reasons it was quickly adopted by the small-business ecological movement, but the thing is, it's authenticity you're after, that's absolutely not about special or special. Why not, say, Starbucks? Sure enough, there's a without out there for people who want to try a 50-mile diet. But if 50 miles is more authentic than 100, wouldn't you be

more authentic of it? No, it's not, it's why the Globe and Mail ran an entirely predictable story last weekend about a man from B.C. named Don Juan who had a 100-mile diet for himself. But speaking of miles, for \$36 he'll deliver a lot of food to you as you grow everything you find in your own garden.

For those who need it, the whole a mile diet game is an utterly contemptible form of snobbery, and it's all a little laugh. You want to grow these people and make them think that's something about it? Wherever they



Kingsley Amis detested snobs, but when it came to the thing he cared about, Scotch...

Believe me with a manager he picked up a mile diet. The manager tells him he's got a plan to create a new organic code called "artisanal" and "artisanal" and "local."

If all there was to this was snobbery, it wouldn't be such a big deal. But in going beyond simple one-ness, the quest for authenticity always ends up with something and something. This is the thing that drives "voluntarism" as an example. Many would be overdone have become more of a case with the idea that there has to be more to seeing the world than the usual routine of going somewhere, spending some money, seeing it, spending some money, then going to see where else. And to avoid the idea of voluntarism, where you travel somewhere and help the locals out with some project like building a school or handing out food. As a medical diet.

Voluntarism is probably as the complete

ambition to the cultural imperialism of regular tourism, but it's in fact almost the poorest expression of that imperialism. It takes our long-standing cultural desire for commercial transactions and applies it to travel, which, aside from prostitution, is the most blatantly commercial transaction in existence. It projects onto a few vacation our own prejudices and assumes that what the people themselves seek out is our culture. You know what they might prefer? Home.

Aside from the fact that they are both particularly stupid ideologies, voluntarism and voluntarism have sprung from our tendency to look some sort of meaning outside the norms of the culture. But why are we actually just flying out of the same tradition, which in the case of voluntarism designates the mostly commercial and makes a moral leap out of unpaid work.

And, furthermore, artificial foods or voluntarism vacations may be framed as a moral choice, but ultimately it comes down to preference. (People who reject the organic label can be just as virtuous, that they are making a moral choice, by rejecting it "the option.") The desire that we have to our own aesthetic prejudices and biases is almost analogous to our desire to our own race. It is such a person thinks that what he speaks is perfectly natural or it's other people's choice. Funny enough—we all believe that our own judgments about what is ugly or beautiful, delicious or disgusting, noble or despicable in the world. It is other people whose

vision are so obviously conditioned by their culture or their social class.

This is a definition of which few of us are immune, even that great debater Kingsley Amis. He may have lived in it for some weeks, but in the *Wall Street Journal* notes a review of *Everyday Drinking*, a collection of Amis's writing on drinking in a bilingual edition, "when it came to some thing Amis actually came out, he would be a question on the issue of connoisseurs." And what Kingsley Amis seriously cared about was single shot Scotch, devoting considerable mental energy to the question of which brand of bottle was the best one to splash into a glass of Manilla.

The largest reason to be to call Amis a snob is to leave it at that, but there is something deeper and more serious than mere hypocrisy at work here. It's the unbridled quest for the authentic, and a desire to do our own accepted measures.

ON THE WEB: For more Andrew Potter visit his blog at www.macleans.ca/blogs/andrewpotter



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SHIFT _Liquor

MAXIME BERNIER'S FEMME FATALE

Revelations from a mob-linked ex-girlfriend gave the PM the axe he needed to cut loose his foreign minister by JOHN GEDDES AND PHELIPE GOGHER

Of all the politicians in Ottawa, Maxime Bernier looked least likely to be upstaged by his date. Tall and tanned, fit from morning nearly every day, Bernier's physical presence draws eyes in almost any room. Even in his most high-profile moments as a cabinet minister—moments that arrived with unsettling frequency until his resignation this week—he managed to keep up a confident bearing. The sun helped, those impossible-thin button-pestripes. And the shirt-and-tie combos, especially fine checks paired expertly with bold diagonals. Not the sort of attire Peter Van Louw, say, could carry off.

Yet Bernier was not only upstaged, but finally unseated, by his former girlfriend. At first it was merely a matter of Julie Couillard's declassification when she accompanied Bernier to his swearing-in as foreign minister after lost summer's cabinet shuffle. The scandals were by then past; Bernier's girlfriend wasn't considered Billie's fall-woman, and the Prime Minister's Office reportedly registered a suit but disappeared. But that was only fodder for gossip in a

street, though, that center had to resign for his conduct with Elm, not his choice of companions. "It's only this error," Harper said. "We must always accept responsibility for documents that are classified."

Only this error? In fact, Bernier's noted made it impossible to consider his late lapses in isolation. If ruling up with Couillard raised doubts about his personal judgment, his political acumen was in question after a string of slip-ups. On a visit to Afghanistan in April, Bernier told reporters the governor of Kandahar might have to be replaced over corruption allegations. That indignation understood the end of delicate work by Canadian diplomats, who had been trying, to get the governor removed without embarrassing the Afghan government.

More recently, Bernier declared after a meeting in Rome with the head of the UN's World Food Program that a Canadian government C-17 cargo plane would help with aid flights to cyclone-ravaged Burma. None of the new transport aircraft, it turned out, were available and Canada was forced to scramble to rent a Russian plane to fulfill his

glamour-starved capital. (Who was that?) What was revealed this spring about Couillard turned out to be more serious than the cut of her neckline. In early May, after weeks of rumors, news broke that she was closely linked to notorious members of Quebec's biker gangs back in the nineties. "Gossip old busy bodies," Prime Minister Stephen Harper called liberal Leader Stéphane Dion and Bloc Québécois leader Gilles Duceppe for even bringing it up.

But this week's revelations forced Harper to act. Her relationship with Bernier having unravelled by sometime this spring, Couillard agreed to sit for an interview with the French-language TVA network. She revealed that Bernier had once routinely left official documents, apparently briefing notes for the early April NATO summit in Bucharest, in her Montreal home—for five weeks. Accusing questions that couldn't be waved off as mere prurience, Harper cut his losses. He

JULIE COUILLARD'S declassification turned heads, but her past went unexcused



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NATIONAL

hastily recall conversations.

But Harper had missed all calls for Bernier's name until Coallard made shuffling him impossible. The reason: Bernier's considerable political value in Quebec. His father, Gilles Bernier, was a popular Tory MP during the Brian Mulroney era. Maxime Bernier, a former Montreal insurance executive and one-time tea-out organizer with the Montreal Economic Institute, was an amateur star when he won back his father's House riding south of Quebec City in 2006. He even brought organizational ties to the Action Démocratique du Québec, the provincial party federal Tories were counting on to help them win more Quebec seats next time out.

All those pastime assets are now rendered worthless by a story that proved too juicy to spill. Coallard's links to organized crime figures stretch back 15 years. Beginning in 1993, the spare-time years after Gilles Giguère, right-hand man to Robert Storti, a loan shark connected to Hells Angels leader Maurice "Moe" Boucher. In 1995, Giguère and Coallard's house was raided

In 1997, Coallard married Stéphanie Lavoie, who was a member of the Badkers, a violent gutter gang linked with processing drug money from outside competition. In his testimony at a 2002 bailer inquiry, Lavoie admitted having been a member of the Badkers—so-called "bushball team," crews of thugs that used baseball bats to terrorize rivals and bar owners who didn't want drug dealing in their establishments. Just prior to his marriage to Coallard, Lavoie was warned by Boucher that he had to choose between his biker life and

at a Montreal dinner party last summer. By last fall, she was a fixture in his political life. Coallard helped him practice speeches, say Conservatives familiar with their relationship. She pressed advice on managing his media image. No one checked into his back ground, but then a Canadian Security Intelligence Service leaks into the press of one diagram for cabinet posts, but not their spouses, family members, or friends. When Coallard's biker links came to light, Public



Safety Minister Stockwell Day rejected calls for CSIS to check the MP's partners in a little bit of concern. That explains the lack of formal scrutiny. Why Quebec's usually aggressive crime reporter, as far as it does, has not done it, is still a mystery. Coallard's backstory is another question.

For all the uproar, some Tories suggested why giving public, Coallard might have done Harper's political



DALPHIN ON DOOPUS? Bernier appeared to be a leader in writing his conduct as a minister (and boyfriend) right out.

handshake with her brother supported her of collaborating with police. (While writing up a 2003 biker trial, Bernier and Boucher had been suspicious enough of Coallard. "There there was a contract on her.") Some news outlets went ahead with the marriage, but then a biker-run cocaine and marijuana business.

After Coallard and Bernier divorced in 1998, he returned to the Badkers, then to a police informant. But between 2004 and 2005, the two were linked to a crime, when Bernier was charged with a murder. Bernier's lawyer, who was a member of the Badkers, was charged with a murder. Bernier's lawyer, who was a member of the Badkers, was charged with a murder. Bernier's lawyer, who was a member of the Badkers, was charged with a murder.

She admits her old flame wasn't "those boys," but complains she is suffering from guilt by association. "I've never done anything wrong," she told TVA. "I've never been charged with a crime." She says the old Bernier about her old friend after they got

Conceal about his performance now give way to women about any scandal elsewhere. Typically, an affair like this ends with a minister's resignation. Coallard's story, however, is anything but typical. Tories are hoping it doesn't have another chapter. ■

With Paul Wells and Aaron Wherry

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS FOR THE NATIONAL POST

IT COMES DOWN TO THESE FOUR

The 'Toronto 18' terrorism case rests on a core group of suspects

BY MICHAEL FRISCOLANTI

Before he was an accused terrorist, Shafiq Abdelhaleem designed computer databases for drug companies. His salary was six figures, but he was a convertible BMW (metallic blue, with black leather seats) and his best was everyone's dream car, himself. "I had a nice casual career," says Abdelhaleem, now 32. "God blessed me with a big heart, and not only because he shared his Maserati coupe with seven stray cats rescued from animal shelters. Abdelhaleem was literally diagnosed with a growth on his heart, an unusual condition that required major surgery in the spring of 2006. He was still recovering a few weeks later when heavily armed officers stormed through his front door and forced him to the floor. "To tell you the truth, I wasn't cooperating," he says now, recalling the raid. "I was looking to see if the cops were wearing pants." Days after the bust—days after his name was forever linked to the "Toronto 18"—Abdelhaleem was still fuming about his fiasco. "Who knows where some of them are now," he says, shaking his head.

Abdelhaleem came to know where he is: Mapleview Correctional Complex, a maximum-security penitentiary a short drive from his old neighborhood. This morning—like so many mornings since June 1, 2006—he is dressed in a bright orange jumpsuit and a pair of blue, prison-issue running shoes. His black beard is full and trimmed, and the hair on his head is thinning to show some grey. "I've lost more than 30 lb already," he says. "I have had the run for two years. No exercise, no touch, no the crap in here, no sunlight, can't get used to it." Abdelhaleem is speak-



Shafiq Abdelhaleem, self-made businessman with a BMW convertible



Adnan Hameed, father, Canadian Tire cashier



David Dwyer, Dwyer's list of Muslims, missing pharmacist



David Dwyer, Dwyer's list of Muslims, missing pharmacist

ing into a black phone, his second face a view into a black phone at a black phone. "I want from a successful professional to an inmate," he continues, waving his arms in helplessness. "My career choice that I worked over to hard for, is destroyed. And I'm wondering, if I'm acquitted, if I'll willingly go to prison and my name is tarnished, who is going to give me those years back?"

Two summers ago, nobody was talking acquitted. The morning after the raiding, the RCMP said the world's most notorious attack had been thwarted, saving hundreds, if not thousands, of lives. This "homegrown" suspect, they said, were "adherents of a violent ideology inspired by al Qaeda." Muslims (and two sisters) born in Toronto, Canadian buildings and behaving politicians. When the group appeared in court for the first time, a voice of a jury member laid the roof.

Fast forward 24 months. The charge sheet on the scene. Seven of the 18 accused are no longer facing charges. And a cornerstone of the case—the bulk of the suspects underwent military training in the money house near Ottawa, Ont.—is starting to lose some of its sinister sheen. In a recent affidavit, one defense lawyer described the campers as a "haphazard group" who lived in their cars and made daily bathroom visits to Tim Hortons. So much for martyrdom.

It's hard to blame the casual observer for assuming that two years after the arrests, the country's largest ever anti-terror case is crumbling. The only suspect to match that so far is an unnamed youth whose alleged crimes can be summed up as shoplifting for fun, and it could be an other year, maybe five, before the whole case is over. In the meantime, the inevitable public relations battle has begun. Some of the suspects' families have launched websites, protesting their innocence and decrying the "black hole of the justice system." One—described as a former successful party and painter. "Like you," the site reads, "these men have been this." The Web page dedicated to Shafiq Abdelhaleem is called www.abdelhaleem.com. "I am the last person to be a threat," he says. "This whole thing was staged to impress the public, to give them fear."

If they were giving interviews, which they're not, prosecutors would add a much different story. They would remind Canadians that millions of pages of damning evidence remain under wraps, protected by a

swinging publication ban that is designed not to tell the truth, but to protect the families rights of the accused. Media outlets, Muslims included, are not allowed to disclose the vast majority of details that explain why police were keeping such a close eye on this group. Some of the few court filings that can be printed, the Crown describes the evidence as "shocking and sensational," and says the strategy was "to cause harm and death by attacking innocent lives."

As confident as they are, though, the prosecution also understands that these men are not one-note bad guys. Their media-approved moniker—the "Toronto 18"—is hugely misleading, even if you ignore the fact that the group has thrived in the "Toronto 11," those who still face charges played very different roles in the RCMP's version of events. Some were leaders. Others were followers. A few fell in between.

In fact, Madadi's lawyer learned that if the Crown has its way, it will serve the remaining 18 adults into two separate trials, starting with the most serious suspects five days after charged in the alleged plot to detonate trucks here in downtown Toronto. Forget the innocent camp. Forget the gun smuggling, the steering of Parliament, and all that tough talk about how "Rome can be defended." The outcome of this case (not to mention the reputation of Canada's anti-terror cops and spies) hinges on the "Toronto 4"—a core group of young, educated men whose former lives are now seemed so ordinary.

Zakaria Amara, a 20-year-old gas station attendant and father of a young daughter, Said Goya, an 18-year-old honors student from suburban Oakville, Ont. Said Khalid, a 19-year-old business major at the University of Toronto.

And Shafiq Abdelhaleem, a single, self-made entrepreneur who organizes the odd drink. And just.

Zakaria Amara worked the afternoon shift at a Canadian Tire gas bar, buying credit cards and selling insurance from 4 o'clock until midnight. He was a model employee, pleasant and well spoken. Neither his customers nor his bosses had any reason to suspect what Amara now knows, that his every move was

being closely shadowed by both the RCMP and CSIS, Canada's intelligence service.

Essentially, the authorities were so concerned at the look-alike that he could not be dropped, due to the publication ban. But this much has been widely reported: If police did find a bomb plot in the wake of Amara, then 20, was a major player. According to the few snippets of evidence that have leaked out since the arrests, it was Amara who allegedly built a mosque-controlled detonator, and it was Amara who allegedly discussed the targets (the Toronto Stock Exchange, the CSIS office nearby, and a military base).

Come trial, investigators will testify that the alleged plot might have succeeded, if not for the heroic efforts of an anonymous civilian, who after negotiating a \$4.5 million payoff from the Mounties—helped set up a sting operation involving fake associates, snare, the same explosive fertilizer Timothy McVeigh used in the 1995 Oklahoma City bombing. When the delivery truck arrived, the cops moved in. And the informant snatched into the witness protection program.

Like all the accused, Amara is innocent.



Like all the accused, Amara is innocent.

INMATES GET \$60 A WEEK TO SPEND ON JUNK FOOD. 'SIXTY BUCKS,' ABDELHALEEM SAYS. 'I USED TO MAKE THAT IN HALF AN HOUR.'



ABDELHALEEM lived in a big house and, if police are right, he talked big, too

on his own good faith. None of the accused stores, no matter how successful, has been inside a court, and his lawyers will have every chance to tell his side of the story when a trial eventually begins. Until then, though, Amara remains in solitary confinement at Toronto's Don Jail, locked inside a tiny cell with little more than a toilet, a sink and a window. For the past two years, he has spent almost every minute in complete isolation—more than 730 days and counting. He stopped going to the exercise yard months ago, out of protest. And when he wants to call home, a prepaid phone through the metal door. "You forget how to socialize," he says in a telephone interview. "The loneliness starts to take over."

The son of a Christian mother and a Muslim father, Amara was born in Ontario on Aug. 28, 1985, and lived in South Harbour and Cypress before moving to Ontario as a boy. He is a Canadian citizen, just as his older brother, a high school friend in Mississauga remembers him as the class clown, but he was also a devout Muslim with a lyrical side. At age 16, he wrote "A Little Muslim (Don't Politicize)," a poem he posted online. "I'll always be a comedian / And by Allah you won't see me surrender / Look at this sign? You'll see me as a hero!"

Those amateur rhymes, along with many other Internet writings, became media fodder in the weeks after the bust. Amara's own personal blog offered an intimate glimpse of an intelligent young man caught between two worlds: the West and Islam. He loved video games, but knew they turned his mind to trash. He loved his parents, but hated that

they paid interest on their mortgages. After high school, he enrolled at Ryerson University but later dropped out to support his wife, Naida, and their now-baby daughter, Nour. When police dragged him away in handcuffs two years ago this week—he was taking part-time electrical classes at Humber College and living in his mother-in-law's basement.

Amara phoned Maclean's a few months ago, after the magazine mailed numerous letters to his cell. His voice is soft and polite. After introducing himself, he explains that his wife is also facing on the line (she jail-only allows Amara to phone pre-approved members, such as his home, so any outside calls must be patched through there-way). "I think the public is starting to realize that the Crown's case is breaking down," he says. "But I don't want to be one of those guys who proclaim his innocence from his jail cell. I don't want people to believe me based on what I say. Let them come to court."

When asked if he was trying to destroy the Toronto Stock Exchange—and everyone inside it—Amara repeats the same answer: "People should come to court to see what's really going on," he says. "I don't think it's a very complicated story. They should be able to come to a simple, quick conclusion."

And what is that conclusion? "No comment," he says. "Everyone should just come to court to see what's really going on."

Those who follow Amara's advice attempt to see Saad Goya's family at the Moroccan courthouse. His mother, Fatima, and his 16-year-old sister, Basmah, have faithfully attended almost every court date. They were here in the spring of 2007 for the start of the preliminary hearing, which was supposed to end with a judge deciding whether anyone, any, deserves to stand trial. And they were here five months later, when prosecutors filed a "charge indictment," effectively cancelling the judge's decision of going right to trial.

The Goyas are back in court today, a Thursday morning in early May. The date indicates most triggered a new round of hearings, and Goya's lawyer, Paul Slansky, is trying to convince Judge Casey Hill that his client can be trusted to live under strict house arrest until his trial begins. Again, the details, including Goya's alleged role in the bomb plot, can't be repeated. But the gallery is packed with friends and relatives who have come to hear the evidence for themselves.

As they listen, Goya, now 36, sits quietly at the defence table. He is short and slender, and although he has grown a slight beard behind his ears, he maintains the same boyish look as the 18-year-old version who made the dash last at McMaster University. He is



ZAKARIA AMARA IS IN SOLITARY. 'YOU FORGET HOW TO SOCIALIZE. THE LONELINESS STARTS TO TAKE OVER.'



ALONE: Arrested at 28, Amara went from behind the counter at a Canadian Tire gas station to a cell in Toronto's Cox Jail.

wearing a light blue dress shirt and a black blazer. The handcuffs are off, but two armed police officers are leaning against a nearby wall, ready to escort Goya out of the courtroom through a special side entrance.

To the experts, Saad Goya seems the textbook example of a "home-grown" terrorist: a peaceful, law-abiding Muslim driven to radical violence by the atrocities (or perceived atrocities) flowing from Islamism on the other side of the world. As Mike McDonnell, the RCMP's top anti-terror cop, recently phrased it, the new threat is not Osama bin Laden, but his "second-tier bin Laden" that inspires a new breed of "wannabe" jihadists. But if Saad Goya is one of those wannabes, his family had no clue. He was, by all accounts, the perfect son. Every parent who knew him urged their children to be more like Saad.

Born in Montreal on Nov. 17, 1967, Goya spent his early childhood years in Quebec. Even when his family moved to Oakville, his loyalties remained with his beloved Montreal

Canadiens. His parents are hard-working immigrants from Pakistan (his father is a tool and die engineer; his mother a manager at the Bay) and in a classroom full of people wearing beards or turbans, the Goyas stand out. They practice their religion, but they're the last thing from fundamentalist.

Saad appeared that way, too. He attended Friday prayers at Oakville's Al-Farooq mosque, but nobody would have ever accused him of being a zealot. Like most teenagers, he was more interested in sports than politics. He played everything—soccer, rugby, basketball—and still found time to maintain a 90 per cent Grade 12 average. Which was enough to earn a science scholarship to McMaster, a short drive down the highway in Huron Co.

During his first and only year in university, Goya spent the weekends at home and the weekdays driving at a friend's house near campus. He couldn't afford the \$400 per month, but his friend's mother agreed to cut the price in half if he handled the household chores. Whenever she dropped by to visit, the floors were clean and the tables were scrubbed.

That school year ended in April 2004. Two months later, Goya was in shackles. Unlike most of the "Toronto 18," he and his family were spared the media circus that followed the raids. Police cautiously grouped him with the other five youths, whose names, by law, cannot be published. Only later did authorities realize that Goya headed 35 as



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specific before the bust, and was actually an article at the time of his alleged crime. Today, though, his family misses way of the spotlight. His mother and sister have granted the add interview, but they declined to speak to Maclean's for this story.

Instead, Bernad Guya is using the Web to tell the world about her younger brother. A charitable accountant who took a leave of absence from work to attend the preliminary hearing, she is the driving force behind *saadgaya.com*, a collection of news clips, photos and editorials about "36 local 'terrorists' who have been or are currently being deprived of their basic human rights." She also has produced a video montage of Saad, complete with childhood pictures, report card quotes, and a home movie depicting his driveway jumpshot. It's called "A Message of Hope."

Back in the courtroom, hope will have to wait a little while longer. Justice Halliday the lawyer on Guya's bail application. After the judge steps down from the bench, a crowd gathers near the front of the gallery and watches in silence as Saad spends a few moments consulting with Sherry. When he finishes, he turns toward the police officers,

moves twice to his family, then scurries through the side door.

Guya's next stop is an armoured pickup wagon that will drive him back to Maplehurst. It is alone this afternoon, but in the days before the preliminary hearing was caused, he and his fellow suspects would ride in the back of the same truck to and from the jail. Along the way, they would playfully sing their own version of "The wheels on the bus go round and round," replacing the chorus with: "My lawyer says we're gonna get bail, we're gonna get bail, we're gonna get bail..."

Other than Zakaria Arana and two other suspects at the Doe Jail, the group shares a segregated wing—Unit 1K—at Maplehurst. They spend the bulk of their days and nights

SAAD GAYA BOASTED A 92 PER CENT AVERAGE IN GRADE 12. IF HE WAS TRULY AN ASPIRING TERRORIST, HIS FAMILY HAD NO IDEA.

inside their cells, minus some group time in a narrow hallway that includes some steel benches and a small TV. Most of the guys, including Abdelhakem, have their own cell. Gaya has a roommate, Saad Khalid.

Of the four main bombing suspects, Khalid is the most elusive. His older sister, spoke-

ing for the family, "respectfully declined" an interview request from Maclean's. But she did speak out during a recent information session at the University of Toronto's Mississauga campus, where her brother was once a 19-year-old business management major. She told the packed auditorium that Saad



PERSEPOLA G. HOLOVE: Arana and Khalid were among the suspects also arrested.

was a typical Canadian, the son of Palestinian immigrants who moved here when he was eight and loved "Halloween, the arcade, and Canada's Wonderland." He played soccer during his years at Meadowdale Secondary School, and coached kids in his spare time.

Zakaria Arana was one of Khalid's close friends and classmates, and like Arana, he was stopped at the Al-Rabwa Islamic Centre,

a storefront mosque in Mississauga. Khalid also founded the Religious Awareness Club (RAC) during his years at Meadowdale, pushing the Quran during lunch hour.

When authorities arrested Saad Khalid, he was at a warehouse in Newmarket, Ont.

The men who live in Unit 1K are allowed 40 minutes of visiting time each week (not including meetings with their lawyers). Tariq Abdelhakem comes to see his son every Saturday morning, and although today marks his 13th visit to the prison, his eyes still swell with tears as the clock expires. "This never gets normal," he says. As Tariq turns to leave, Sherry gives him a thumbs up outside the other side of the glass. Saad Khalid is in the booth to his left, speaking to a relative.

Born in Cairo, Sherry shuffled between Egypt, Jordan, Kuwait and England before his family moved to Canada in 1989. He is the oldest of four siblings. His seven-year-old sisters also why Sherry is stuck behind that glass. Tariq doesn't want to scare her, so he lies. He tells his daughter that her elder brothers are very rich and successful, and that the jail is actually a hospital. "It's so unfair," he says, staring his tears out of the prison parking lot. "It's so unfair and sad."

A civil engineer by trade, Tariq Abdihak-

em doesn't contract work as a project manager for Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd., the Crown corporation that oversees the country's nuclear reactors. Since his son was thrown in jail for terrorism, the 65-year-old has taken on a new and job: captivesnews.com. "I believe in the power of the media," he says. "Sometimes it's an evil power, and sometimes it's a good power. But in both cases, we have to use it." Traffic to his website is growing by the week, he says—no, some help from CSIS agents.

"I know that they visit every day, three times," he says with a smile. "But they help pump up the numbers, so that's not a problem."

If anything, the Canadian Security Intelligence Service started keeping tabs on Tariq Abdelhakem before his son was ever accused of terrorism. And he knows it. "They don't bother me, but I am watched," he admits. "My phone calls tapped, and my e-mails. Everything." When asked why, his answer is simple: "Because I talk."

His media headlines four years ago after naming a first wife that urged young Muslims to boycott a major gathering in Sky Dome because he considered some of the speakers to be anti-Moslem. His rationalist (and anti-reference to the "Crusaders and Zionists" who keep the Muslim community under oppression), Tariq has also written letters to the editor, criti-

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WHEN THINGS A HURT

ing Canada's mission in Afghanistan. The *Globe and Mail* once described him as the "fundamentalist's fundamentalist."

"I never condone violence," he insists, driving home along Highway 401. "I'm portrayed as the most radical. You're talking to me now. Do I look like somebody who would put a bomb somewhere?" When asked if there are Muslims in Canada who might "put a bomb somewhere," he is adamant. "Never," he says. "I never to God, or Allah in heaven, if I know somebody is going to do this, the first thing I would do is go and report it. I'm not going to hesitate for one second."

Ironically enough, it is that very sentence that seems to have landed Turaj not behind

revel too much of his lawyer's strategy, but he does offer a few pertinent points. For one, he was full decade older than the other three bombing suspects. In fact, he never met Saad Gazi or Saad Khalid until they all ended up in the same jail. He did visit the gas station where Amara worked, he says, and sometimes there were heated discussions about world politics. But if there were ever talk about bombs or terrorism or ammoniacal reuse, he says it was just that. Talk. "To tell you the truth, whenever it came up, I'd argued with

arguments. The suspects are also here, sitting shoulder-to-shoulder in a special row reserved in buller proof glass. Zakari/Amara intouched on the far right side, dressed in a black suit and a white, button-down shirt.

Though day with legless, today's court appearance is a rare respite for Amara, who, along with two other suspects (Fahim Ahmad and Ali Dine) is still in solitary confinement. The mere sight of someone other than a prison guard is a welcome distraction.

Amara remains locked in 24-hour isolation.

SAAD KHALID WAS A SOCCER PLAYER IN HIGH SCHOOL AND PREACHED THE QURAN DURING LUNCH HOUR



TARIQ ABDUL-HALEEM: A civil engineer, he visits his son in jail every Saturday morning.

bars. According to previous reports, it was Amara who first lit the fuse. He was the one who would later tell the Mountain about the alleged plan—and then pour on the shame. Shari'at confirms that version of events, but is hesitant to divulge many more details. "I know him. I considered him an acquaintance, and I always knew what a love life he was."

In a conversation that began with consulting the evidence to untangle the mess and the informant himself has not had a chance to explain his side of the story. Two years later, the only thing the public knows about the unnamed man is that he received millions of dollars for his efforts—and a lifetime in prison. But that lack of context hasn't cooled many in the Muslim community from concluding that he's a money-hungry traitor. As one visitor notes on captivesnews.com, may be "suffer in this life and the next."

Shari'at shares that sentiment. "I don't care to see him again in my life, but I do need him to go on the stand so I can get the money I want so I can walk." He is careful not to

let, he says. "And the Crown knows that."

So why not call the police? Why not warn authorities that even you know might be plotting an attack in Toronto? "Because I know nothing was ever going to happen," he says. "I'm going to tell the truth, and then it's up to a judge to decide whether this ridiculous talk actually amounts to terrorism or not."

Abdul-Haleem even goes so far as to say that some of those incriminating conversations were drug-induced. "Sorry Dad," he says over the phone. But the situation is a little more serious than Dad finding out about a joint.

"I was not involved," he adds later. "I am just listening to people talking. I didn't do anything. I didn't build an eleven defense. I didn't say for anything. I didn't rest any thing. It wasn't my idea."

Defense lawyers have filed an abuse of process motion, claiming the Crown tried to get a signed deal when a cancelled the press bid in September. Both sides have returned to court that afternoon for some preliminary



because of a court order that prohibits him from talking to his alleged cohorts. But two years later—and with no end in sight—some are beginning to question his confinement. In April, placard-waving protesters marched in the courthouse parking lot, demanding better conditions for all the accused. That same day, a coalition of 17 Muslim and Arab community groups mailed an open letter asking the government to reconsider its stance on solitary confinement. "Extreme isolation conditions more severe than the majority of Canada's commercial residential and prisons are subject to, is hardly appropriate for persons who have not been found guilty by our justice system," the letter says.

In his phone call from prison, Amara puts it this way: "I thought you were supposed to be treated innocently until proven guilty."

In the court of public opinion, Amara was found guilty a long time ago—thanks in no small part to his wife, Nada, a Pakistani-born Canadian who, like her husband, grew up in Mississauga. Within weeks of the arrests, reporters uncovered some of her new interviews that went into, in which she praised the Taliban, begged homosexuals, and described Canada as "this filthy country." In one posting, she wrote that her husband "merely" refused a clear opportunity to leave for jihad, that he was the choice of divorce.

Amara has read the resulting headlines, and everything she writes about her case. "I

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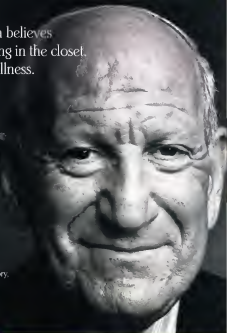
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Harry Rosen believes clothes belong in the closet. Not mental illness.

Harry's mother struggled with long, intense periods of depression when he was growing up. She'd hide behind a closed door in her room. "Nobody talked about depression in those days," says Rosen. "And stigma was a big reason why she never received treatment until later in life." That's why Harry Rosen is speaking out in support of CAMH's open approach towards dealing with depression. Because Rosen passionately believes silence is an approach that no longer "fits."

To hear Harry's full story, and others like it, please visit

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don't trust anybody," he says. His wife is equally opinionated. Although she is listening in on the call, Nada doesn't say a word.

"You're entitled to give your own opinion," Amara says, just before hanging up. "But let the people come to court."

A few minutes after saying goodbye, Amara phones back. "I just want to apologize," he says. "My wife said I was rude to you. It's the segregation. I don't know how to interact with people anymore."

Every now in Courtroom 307 is full. Said Goya's friends and relatives have packed the gallery, including aunts and uncles and a

JUSTICE: The RCMP sting operation ended on June 2, 2005, at this Newmarket town house.

Inside 18, those left of the "Toronto 18" are given 600 a week to spend on junk food. Order forms are filled out on Mondays, and the cartons arrive on Saturdays, loaded with Mars Bars and Kit Kats and Cadillacs. "Stuffy backs," says Sharief Abdelhalim. "I used to make that in half an hour."

Like all the suspects, Abdelhalim has a laptop computer in his cell. Provided by the prosecution, it contains millions of pages of documents, including all the raw RCMP evidence collected during the investigation. "Wiretaps. Surveillance photos. Briefing notes from the undercover inform-

phone and the prisoners' box. When court is in session, he spends most of the day whispering to the person beside him. He is convinced the whole case is a political creation to sell the war in Afghanistan, to appease George W. Bush, and to justify the ever-worsening breakdown of Canada's national security regime. In one breath, he longs to be out on bail. In the next, he says he's willing to sacrifice a few years of his life if a reason "exposing certain elements of fifth in CSES and the RCMP."

Not to mention the guards at Maple House. "This is the thing I really would like, yes, as a personal favour, to write about," he says. "Our conditions have deterio-

rated. They have deteriorated—and I repeat, intentionally—got in guys that are extraordinarily racist and are severely injured. The ones that have sharp teeth, so to speak." Officials are now investigating allegations that Steven Chaul, another of the "Toronto 18," was dragged from his cell while praying and thrown in solitary confinement. "Steven has always been a good person," Abdelhalim says.

The specific details are sure to be covered in his upcoming book. Abdelim can only hope that the finished product includes something else: a believable explanation that goes beyond the conspiracy theories. If Abdelhalim is truly innocent, if that entire case truly is "garbage," how can his laptop be loaded with so much evidence that seems to say otherwise? If he did nothing wrong, why are police and prosecution so certain that he and his alleged accomplices—Zohair Amara, Said Goya and Said Khalid—were plotting mass murder? Or, as the charge sheet reads, "intent to cause an explosion" that "was likely to cause serious bodily harm or death?"

Abdelhalim has his own question. "How long is my lawsuit against the government?" he asks with a laugh. "My lawyer says \$12 million. I don't believe that happened to me. This is like winning the lottery." ■

CROWN PROSECUTORS SAY THE GROUP'S GOAL WAS 'TO CAUSE HARM AND DEATH BY ATTACKING INNOCENT LIVES'

ira who have promised to post their life savings in exchange for his freedom. His immediate family buddies in the front row, except for his mother, Rukhsana, who has chosen to stay in the hallway while everyone else finds out if her son will be coming home.

The whole thing is over in a matter of minutes. Prompt as always, Justice Hill calls the courtroom at precisely 3:04 p.m. "I hereby up to the bench, and inform Said Goya that his bail application is denied. The judge has outlined his reasons in a 64-page decision, but neither does recite the entire ruling. He has brought along a few dozen copies for anyone who wants to read the details (it, too, is covered by the publication ban).

Goya, who had been shaking nervously a few moments ago, is pale still. He is going back to jail tonight, back in his cell in Unit 1K. His lawyer, Bevelin, rushes out of the courtroom in tears.

ast. He read most of it, but Abdelhalim has started using the keyboard for something else: the first draft of his book. The working title is *Terror or Tyranny?* "We are starving for due process," he says. "We get rearrested month after month. I am challenging the prosecution—and this is a challenge—to give us back our preliminary hearing tomorrow. It's been two years. Let's not sit around. Why are they afraid?"

Abdelhalim is never short on words. He speaks quickly and passionately, both on the



BARNER BELIEVED IN MEDIUM-TERM COMMITMENT
"When he asked me to become his girlfriend, he asked me to really think about it because he was a politician, he was a public person. He said, 'I can't switch girlfriends like I change shirts, so you have to be my official girlfriend and for at least a year, in spirit of what might happen between us.'" —Julie Couillard, now reporter not thinking harder about becoming former foreign affairs minister Martin's spokeswoman

Need a job? Ottawa is now hiring.

BY PETER GRAHAM TAYLOR • Well paid, experienced public servants, once the bane of taxpayers and budget-busting politicians, could soon become a commodity as prized as oil: as soon as it's up to the quarter of all civil servants will be eligible to retire with a full pension over the next five years, and the prospect of a mass exodus of seasoned functionaries has top brass on their toes.

According to a Statistics Canada analysis released earlier this month, Canada's civil servants are slightly older and tend to retire earlier than the rest of the labour force. The average retirement age for government employees is 55 years old, compared with 60 for everyone else, a trend made more difficult by generous public sector pension plans. For the management component, the outlook is even bleaker: About half of all executives will be able to grab their pensions and run over the next few years.

It all adds up to a challenge of bureaucrats to projections according to David Zeman, a senior advisor to the prime minister, and a challenge that is being taken seriously at the University of Ottawa's Graduate School of Public and International Affairs. Zeman, who presided over the Conservative government's program review that saw 15,000 civil service positions slashed in the 1990s.

Now he's warning the alarm over the need to suddenly ramp up hiring. It's a turnaround no one expected. "Back then, I never thought it would happen," he says of the looming shortage of civil servants. Making most non more difficult is the fact that Ottawa is already on a hiring binge trying to meet new needs in the areas of intelligence and border security. Now a must replace thousands of retirees too.

It's not that Ottawa has trouble recruiting itself—it moved one million applications last year—but that now there will be considerably younger and less experienced than those they are replacing. This could have a big impact on the effectiveness of federal government policies in the years to come. "A huge amount of institutional capital will be walking out the door in the next few years," says Zeman. "The question is whether we can bring those new people up to speed in time."



DON'T GO!
Ottawa faces an exodus of civil servants.

When school boards get expelled

BY KATE LONIAK • Most schools have family students to deal with, in Nova Scotia, it's school board officials who are expelled for bad behaviour. On Monday, the province's



NOVA SCOTIA'S Karen Casey just fired a whole school board—again.

education minister, Karen Casey, fired all 13 elected members of the first Regional School Board, which oversees 25 schools in rural northern Nova Scotia. "It was a decision that I hoped I would not have to make," Casey said, "but this board continues to struggle to maintain order."

A difficult decision, but one she's made before: there are eight elected school boards in Nova Scotia, and this is the second one that Casey has dismissed in two years. (In 2006, members of the Halifax Regional School Board over a similar fate.)

Why all the bickering? Former first school board chair Henry Van Berkel says it boils down to "personality clashes" among members, some of whom have known each other for years. Before dismissing the board, Casey had warned members several times to behave—even removing some of the board's powers in February. Yet their antics continued.

At a recent meeting, one chair Mike Brown stormed out after repeatedly interrupting other members, uttering "this is bulls—t" on his way out the door. His explanation for the constant conflict? "A lot of people like to dish it out, but they don't like to take it." Soon after the board failed to discipline Brown, Van Berkel recommended that Casey get rid of the whole board.

Until October, when school board decisions are held, both the Halifax and first boards will be overseen by government appointees. Casey, meanwhile, is considering a new law that would give her more power to deal directly with individual members. She's hoping that the next time a school board goes wild, she won't have to fire the whole lot. ■

The mystery of the four right feet

BY KIM MACGREGOR • Piling flots and plastic toys are the usual harvest of British Columbia's beachcombers, but in the past nine months the search on sand beaches has become more elusive. People walking along beaches between Vancouver Island and the Mainland have discovered four "disarticulated" feet. All four were right feet, clad in running shoes. The feet have so far defied identification, but they have inspired a host of theories, a work of fiction and a tragic number of bad guys.

The most recent discovery was found last Thursday by Sophie, a Labrador golden retriever, and owner, Mike Ladouceur, a caretaker on uninhabited Kirkland Island in the Fraser River delta. News of the discovery created headlines from Seattle to Iran. The RCMP provincial major crime unit is coordinating the four investigations, assisted by the B.C. Coroners Service and forensic experts.

The other three feet were discovered—two last August and one in February—on the Julefsch, Gabriola and Walrus islands. The mystery of the first two intrigued Daniel Kalla, a Vancouver doctor and bestselling author, to write a fictionalized account of the discovery as the opening chapter in a weekly serial thriller that runs this winter in Vancouver's *Proseur* newspaper. Coincidentally, one of the feet in Kalla's story was also discovered by a golden retriever!

In the *Proseur* serial, the feet were the work of criminal gangs. The local media have since found other possibilities: victims of human traffickers, a serial killer, even "a maniac with a foot fetish."

Investigators, however, caution against such "unsubstantiated speculation." Yes, the case is unusual, but there is no evidence that the feet were severed, says RCMP Const Annie Lacombe. Some forensic scientists say that footprints found decomposing drowning victims. Foot findings from a boat plane crash in the area in 2007, for instance, were never recovered. Police say they are treating the case "very seriously and with the utmost sensitivity." ■



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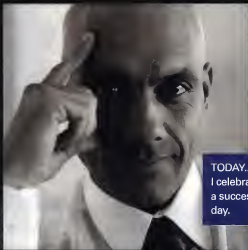
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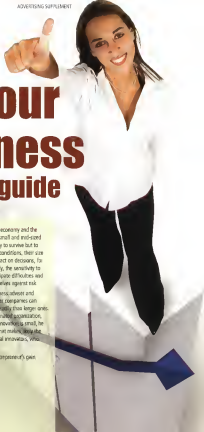
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It's your business survival guide

Despite the volatile nature of the global economy and the prospects of doom and gloom ahead, small and mid-sized businesses in Canada continue not only to survive but to thrive on new opportunities. Under the right conditions, their size gives them special advantages: the ability to act on decisions, for example, the ability to see opportunities clearly, the sensitivity to changes in the marketplace so they can anticipate difficulties and make well-informed decisions to protect themselves against risk.

In fact, says Laurence Gribel, Toronto business adviser and president of Gribel International Inc., smaller companies can often pursue innovative opportunities more readily than larger ones. In the context of a big, ordered, routine-dominated organization, the likelihood of successful entrepreneurial innovation is small, he says, because it is costly to large firms, and that makes today the emergence of small firms owned by the central innovators, who hope to reap extraordinary rewards.

In other words, a big company's loss is an entrepreneur's gain.

Opportunities don't arise in a vacuum. They evolve from changing circumstances, says Ginsberg. The popularity of the telephone, for example, created opportunities for other businesses, from direct marketing to worldwide flower delivery services, that didn't exist when people still communicated by other means.

While big companies struggle to seize opportunities and adjust to prevailing conditions, the most successful entrepreneurs understand fully the challenges and opportunities that lie ahead. They react faster to the new opportunities, and create the strategies they need to move forward and the tactics required to do so successfully. Most important, they know when they need help.

Financial help

By definition, small and mid-sized businesses have only limited resources, especially financial resources. When challenges or opportunities arise, these firms often need more than their available resources to respond.

In looking for money, owners and managers have several choices. They can borrow money. They can sell a piece of their company. Or they can dip further into their personal finances. They can also take a few less obvious steps to find money that they might not know they have. Here are some of their potential sources of financing:



Ask an adviser

Before you hire an adviser, ask a few questions:

- How much do you charge?
- What do you estimate the total cost will be?
- Who will perform the actual work?
- How will you help me?
- What value will you provide that I can't get from someone else?
- How will you bill me?

Once you've hired the adviser, keep asking questions. After all, an adviser's advice isn't much good if you can't understand it.

• Banks, trust companies, credit unions: These financial institutions provide short-term loans, lines of credit secured by accounts receivable and in some cases by inventory, overdraft facilities and long-term mortgages. More than 73 banks operate in Canada, including dozens of foreign banks. Companies should check the website of the Canadian Bankers Association (www.cba.ca) to make sure they've recognized all the possibilities for bank financing. You should consider applying for bank financing before you need it. That way, you'll already have the financial facilities in place to help you, even if you look temporarily unappealing to a lender.

"By borrowing money when they don't need it, entrepreneurs can build a relationship with their bankers, establish the creditworthiness of their businesses and prepare for future expansion," advises Laurence Ginsberg.

• Specialized lenders: Financial organizations such as Roynat (www.roynat.com) and the Business Development Bank of Canada (www.bdc.ca) focus on specific aspects of the small and mid-sized business market such as capital equipment, expansion and leasing and sometimes provide financing to companies when more conventional institutions won't.

• Family and friends: If you believe in your idea, other people will share your enthusiasm. If they know you well enough, they'll understand how you deal with challenges, and they'll invest in you.

• Business angels: Wealthy individuals who have succeeded in their own businesses often look for similarly motivated people with good ideas. Unlike banks and more conventional investors, angels invest in the early stages of a business.

• Partners: A partner will share the financial obligations and the rewards of a business. An entrepreneur who cherishes her independence should think carefully, though, about the implications of sharing responsibilities and losing autonomy.

• Credit cards and personal lines of credit: A personal line of credit usually carries a low rate of interest and requires no creditworthy payments. It can come in handy if you need quick access to a few thousand dollars. Credit cards usually carry a much higher rate of interest, and you should exhaust all other sources of financing before you use your cards.

• Venture capital: You can attract venture capital investment if you plan to build your company aggressively over the next few years and you can show clearly the way you intend to do it. To help you, venture capitalists will provide their expertise as well as their financing. But you will have to perform according to their expectations, not yours, and they will usually cash in their investment and expect a substantial return, usually by taking your company public, once you reach your initial growth objectives.

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- **Customers and suppliers:** It may not occur to you immediately, but your customers and suppliers can help you with financing, as well. If they don't invest directly in your business, customers may give you a deposit on undelivered goods or services; suppliers may extend terms to accommodate your payment schedule.

Management help

The growth of a business places much different demands on an entrepreneur than the initial start-up. Entrepreneurs who have struggled to get a business up and running, usually working day and night, often by themselves, now have to relinquish control and turn to other people for help. After attending to every detail of their businesses, they have to admit to themselves that they don't know everything or possess all the skills required to keep the businesses growing. They also have to think more and do less, even though the businesses seem to demand the exact opposite.

"Once it starts operating, you have to stand back and let other people manage your business," says consultant Ginsberg, "or it may not grow or even survive. Your task as an entrepreneur is to maintain the spark to inspire your managers to do the building, and to stand back and let them get on with their jobs while you watch for entrepreneurial opportunities."

Initially, a company may hire a part-time chief financial officer or operations manager. Many seasoned professionals with experience in mid-sized and big companies offer their temporary services through industry associations. Universities and community colleges provide consulting services, as well.

Chosen with care, accountants, lawyers, financial advisers and management consultants can all contribute new ideas and much-needed solutions to problems that the entrepreneur can't solve on his own, says Ginzberg. Likewise a well-chosen advisory board can bring new perspectives to the entrepreneur's long-range planning, while making sure that the organization remains focused on its goals and objectives.

Ginsberg cautions that the same principle applies to management support as to bank financing. Smart entrepreneurs hire good managers before, not during, the

Growing pains

"Growth rates affect all aspects of a business," says author and small-business expert Jeffrey Timmons. "Thus, as sales increase, as more people are hired, and as inventory increases, sales support manufacturing capacity. Facilities are then increased, people are moved between buildings, accounting systems and controls cannot keep up, and so on. The cash burn rate accelerates, and such acceleration continues. Learning curves do the same. Worst of all, cash collections lag behind."

As an antidote to the challenges of rapid expansion, a study by the American Management Association suggests managed growth. "The way to grow is by using the people you have, in the structure you have, other than to continue to reinforce this channel, where nothing is the same from one day to the next."

Dwight L. Gertz, co-author of *Grow to Be Great: Breaking the Downsizing Cycle*, suggests three growth strategies that have worked, even in no-growth markets.

- 1) Cultivate profitable customer groups
- 2) Develop new products or services
- 3) Find new ways to distribute old products



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BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE EU

Post-Communist Poland is walking a fine line and thriving

BY ANNA PORTER

Radek (Radostaw) Sikorski, Poland's foreign minister, is one of the most colorful and charismatic young men in any European parliament. Tall, muscular, energetic, casually well dressed, a former student activist in the pro-democracy Solidarity movement, an Oxford graduate, author of four books, war correspondent, adviser to Rupert Murdoch, and emblem of the American Enterprise Institute in Washington, he remains the only Polish member of the House of Representatives to have returned from self-imposed exile after the collapse of Communism in 1989, but unlike most of them, he immediately entered political life to deplore defeatist misanthropy. The thought of continuing to enjoy the financial rewards of working in Washington had never occurred to him. As soon

as responsibility was ascribed that Andrzej Michalski, Poland's leading intellectual and editor-in-chief of its largest daily newspaper, *Gazeta Wyborcza*, described as perhaps with "any historian, great, terrible, and the age for revenge." It may have earned the most obvious choice. It is, after all, democracy. Michalski, who served a long jail sentence under Communism's rule, is a former Solidarity leader and one of the men—yes, they were all men—responsible for bringing "shock therapy" economist Jeffrey Sachs and his "big bang" approach to economic reform to Poland in 1989. The first post-Communist government returned power to conservatives, tightened credit, cut subsidies, sold off government assets and decided to leave reformation for Communists' opponents and their health-care offshoots. It was not until 1998 that a different government established the Institute of National Remembrance, responsible for the old secret police files and prosecution of "crimes against the Polish Nation." It has had few successes in its goal to "tell" the country who had harmed, marginalized and ordered the killing of its citizens. Radek-Sikorski thinks

SICORSKI Poland's accomplished foreign minister is facing some tough challenges as the files should all be made public

The past few weeks have been particularly stressful for the foreign minister. His department's longest series of challenges spent in parliament—to be made public, including the question period, Russia, Poland's old enemies, blamed in new president, who is likely to be as soon as the Prime Minister Vladimir Putin's early years, yet Sikorski has to appear both pleased and apologetic about dealing with Dmitry Medvedev. He continues to have the unenviable task of ensuring a continuous supply of oil and gas for Poland's burgeoning economy—and he has to deal with the United States' increased pressure to install a missile defense system in central Europe.

With Poland still balancing, at times precariously, between competing pressures from East and West, these challenges may seem overwhelming. But anyone that the current government led by Prime Minister Donald Tusk, whose center-right Civic Platform party supplanted the right-wing, conservative Law and Justice party of the Kaczyński couple last October, may pull off this delicate tightrope act. Jacek Kurtyka, who was prime minister, and his brother Lech, who remains president, had successfully alienated both Germany and Russia. Tusk's government is ready to lay old ghosts to rest. It will not risk angering Russia unless the risk is worthwhile. "Last week I asked the Russian chief of staff not to threaten us with nuclear warheads more often than once a quarter," Sikorski says with an open grin.

But for Poland, relations with their two most powerful neighbors have rarely been a juggling act. In the case of the Russians, they invaded, brutalized, deported and generally abused Poles over several centuries. The 1940 murder of more than 20,000 Polish army officers, most of these reservists—lawyers, scientists, teachers who could have become resistance leaders—is just another reason for Poland's contempt for Moscow. Although the truth was a long secret, it was not until 1990 that then-Soviet president Mikhail Gorbachev finally admitted that Joseph Stalin himself had ordered the massacre of the unarmed prisoners of war. They had surrendered to the Soviet army after Poland's defeat in 1939 at the hands of both German and Soviet forces as a result of the new-fangled secret Ribbentrop-Molotov pact to divide eastern Europe between Germany and Russia.

Last year's top-grossing film in Poland was Andrzej Wajda's *Katyn*, about the murders of 5,000 of the victims in Katyn Forest. City, the Poles are not likely to forget their injuries. "There was a Russian village in Moscow is another example of that. It celebrates the anniversary

bravery of civilians and the Polish Underground Army that dared to rise up against the German occupation forces on Aug. 1, 1944—in urban battle that was motivated by the Allies but was unaided Soviet forces, by then pawns with Russia and the U.S. in the fight against Hitler and advancing from the east, sat on the bank of the Vistula River, which goes through Warsaw, waiting until the Poles were beaten and the capital looted. When the war ended, with six million Poles dead as a result of the conflict, and with Soviet forces in control of Poland, Sikorski was unwilling to see any possible Polish heroes emerge, and tried to erase all memory of the uprising to survivors were imprisoned, leaders decimated, and all commemorations forbidden. Now, the mass graves and war crimes of both the young and the old. And near the picturesque town of Old Town, there is a massive monument to the heroes of Aug. 1, 1944, where groups of schoolchildren with somber and still phone cameras bear witness to the fact that this new generation will continue to rely on the memories of the old for its inspiration about the past.

Andrzej Duda, a former Polish foreign minister and current chairman of the UN's Advisory Board on Disarmament, was in 2006 appointed special envoy for dealing with Russia. He places Poland at the heart of "a historical and eternal dilemma of being allies between Germany and Russia. All its efforts for balance between the two rivals for territory have been doomed to failure." He talks about the whole question of the agreement for the Nord Stream pipeline to transport Russian gas as a disaster due to Germany, bypassing Poland and other countries Russia decries as unstable. There are few photos of protesters that make Poles more uneasy than another potential Russian German pact.

But with a new government in Warsaw, and with Poland a member of both the EU and NATO, relations with Berlin are amiable. "I think we now have the best relationship with Germany," says Jaroslaw Szlachetka, director of corporate communications for Kuchlowski Holdings, one of Poland's largest and most profitable corporations. Moscow, though, remains another matter. The real question is who, in effect, will rule Russia. Sikorski, expressing cheerful optimism contrary to Polish opinion, notes, says the appointment of Medvedev is "a hopeful development because he is a Russian leader who doesn't come from the Communist party or the security services." And indeed, since the crisis in Georgia, Sikorski's strategy was almost to give Sikorski, Russia has lifted its ban on Polish news imports and, since now, assumed a role as one of Poland's preferred customers for farm products. "We do 17 billion euros in trade with

Russia," Sikorski recently told the BBC. As for the issue of oil and gas, Sikorski admits that there are no geopolitical tools but continues to insist on his position, Poland has the biggest coal reserves in Europe.

Still, Sikorski's recent visit and meeting with Putin, Sikorski's meeting, complete with Orthodox guards, was a necessary but still favored the meetings of confidence and power—and so long as Russia has a balance of power, it continues to be dangerous. As Daniel Pienkiewicz, chief economist for the investment bank ING, puts it, "the weaker Russia is, the better for the Poland." Sikorski agrees with Sikorski that Poland "need good relations with Russia, but it is, ideally, a peaceful, democratic Russia without ambitions of extending its power." North of the border of Russia that invaded

FROM TOP Sikorski, Polish Prime Minister in 2006, Poland and Medvedev, Polish ambassador in Iraq, Sikorski and Condoleezza Rice



Chechnya, opposed democratic elections in Georgia and the Clinton—and continues to meddle in the affairs of its neighbors.

Poland's relations with its new allies, though, can also be tricky. With its country now part of NATO, Sikorski is clear about Poland's commitment to the coalition effort in Afghanistan. Although scaling armed intervention, he is quick to point out, is not enough for securing the region's future—there must be long-term financial commitments to the Afghan people. (Sikorski knows that services better than most—he studied through Soviet



THE RELATIONSHIP WITH RUSSIA HAS BEEN STRAINED, BUT POLAND ALSO FACES PRESSURES FROM ITS NEW ALLIES



so-called Afghanistan with a group of elite soldiers in 1989 and wrote about his experiences in his book, *Days of the Soviets, Journey to Heart in Time of War*). But he is cautious when he speaks of U.S. pressure to install a missile shield in central Europe. Quoting a French politician, he says with a smile, "It is always a mistake to give the Americans too quickly." He declines to tell the world kind of bargain he has in mind, but a year ago he told the *Washington Post* that "if the Bush administration expects Poland... to jump for joy and agree to whatever is proposed, it's going to take a mighty crash with reality." That's enough talk for a guy who has been to see Polish troops stationed to the U.S.-sponsored war in Iraq after his appointment in October, despite Russian opposition. Poland has been, in fact, one of the most pro-U.S. countries in Europe. And it's not just because of the eight million Americans of Polish background in the U.S., or Ronald Reagan's surprising support for Solidarity, but because of what U.S. democracy has represented to the Soviet-regime Poland. But, says Sikorski, "U.S. influence and esteem have diminished in Poland."

That may, in part, be due to the fact that Poles now have a newly bigoted self-conception. Only four years after joining the European Union, the country's economy is looking good: A projected 5.3 per cent GDP growth for 2004, shrinking debt, the practice of faster income tax and low bureaucracy rates, low inflation, and reduced unemployment, mean that Poland is now on leading edge of several European's more fortunate than a euro-friendly, hard-working country. With 67 billion euros offered by the EU as additional incentives for building infra-

structure on the "Vie Today, new towns dominate the skyline and even the old stone town Palace of Culture and Science that once loomed it over the city seems to be ignored as for spring. Despite its many charms, it is open to schoolchildren and signifiers, and does not seem particularly out of place across from the Janina and Marcin towers. The Cold Warriors sleeping cities is all mixed with high-end labels to any other European mall, and its residents are unwilling to let it be more obvious than most.

Nieboj, at 44 St. St., ground has been broken for the most famous apartment building in Poland. It will be 47 stories high with a pool, fitness floor and sun terrace. The architect is David Laibson, both from Milwaukee by the Royal Ontario Museum (Michael) Lee-Chin Crystal. Laibson was born in Lodz, an old center of Jewish learning that became the site of the notorious ghetto where cradled in children—some 100,000—were deported and murdered at Chelmsko. It is part of the Holocaust's tragic narrative that Poles rarely include in their own narrative.

"LAST WEEK I ASKED THE RUSSIAN CHIEF OF STAFF NOT TO THREATEN US WITH NUCLEAR ANNIHILATION MORE THAN ONCE A QUARTER"



Polish Youth in Warsaw (left), looking at display of the Warsaw Rising Museum

structure and public/private partnerships, the potential cause for the development over the next several years, in spite of continuing challenges such as a 15 per cent national unemployment rate and a growing Black market.

Carroll Mifflin, Poland's greatest poet, once described the difference between east and western Europe as rather like one within a family, between respect and appealing members and a set of embarrassing, slightly annoying, always embarrassing relations. Well, all that has changed. Young Poles who had gone to work in Britain sent Poland's army into the EU have turned to return home. The Institute of Public Policy Research in Warsaw has reported that more than half of the almost 190,000 Poles who went to the EU have already left. The British pound is weak, the story is strong, inflation appears to be in check at below four per cent, and Warsaw looks like a tourist attraction. Core are the grey war scarred buildings that still

there was no recognition of the Holocaust under Communism rule of the house post, but it is one that will be all too familiar to Laibson. Communism, according to Helen Michals, is like a friend. Everything from 1945 on was covered by a thick layer of it. In 1989 central Europe returned to history.

What Poland's dream about is equal: more as the desire to be a normal, stable, post-war, perhaps even honoring European country, one that recognizes the rule of law and individual rights. There is an old Russian joke: Michals has said what he described the challenges of rebuilding "first society" after it had been destroyed by 45 years of Communism. "We know you can turn an apartment into fish soup. The question is can you turn fish soup into an apartment?" So far as the eye can see in Warsaw, the answer is yes. ■

Adam Porter's most recent book, *Kaczynski's Bet*, was the *Wired* "Best New Fiction" Prize

IS THAT SADDAM?

A new statue of Martin Luther King, Jr. is raising hackles

BY LIZBETH BAYHAN The first of many controversies swirling around the long-awaited memorial to the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., has been the fact that his likeness is being made in China by a Chinese sculptor from Chinese rock. A new \$10-million Washington monument to the civil rights leader is planned to open next year, on four acres of hallowed ground flanking the Tidal Basin on the axis between the memorials to Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln, at whose marble feet King gave his "I Have a Dream" speech—and they couldn't find an American, let alone an Afro-American, to do it? "The graven to be used for King's sculpture will be created using Chinese labor," protested outraged Afro-American artists in a petition that also asked that the sculptor, Lee Yoon, had previously sculpted Chairman Mao. "Would we allow an artist famous for his statue of Hitler to sculpt Anne Frank?"

Perhaps King himself would not have minded, given his global reason—drawing inspiration from Mahatma Gandhi—and belief that people should be judged not by the colour of their skin but by the content of their character, or for that matter, the skill of their craft. Perhaps he'd see it as proof of his status as an international icon. Or maybe he'd sympathize with the memorial foundation's director, Henry Johnson, who said the world's only sculptor who specializes in so-far granite also happens to live in China.

But "internationalism" wasn't the end of it. The sprawling memorial conceived by a San Francisco design firm was first given more than 900 entries in an international competition, and will include rocks, trees, water falls and canyons, weaving in quotes from King ("I am power will down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream"). It is dominated by the columns of King's emerging Mount Rushmore-like face from the stone ("With this face we will be able to hope out of the mountains of despair, alone to have"). The sculpture was supposed to be based on a familiar photograph of King, in which he



IT'S BEING MADE IN CHINA, AND SOME CRITICS SAY IT MAKES KING LOOK TOO CONFRONTATIONAL



HOW ANDREW should he look? It's a delicate issue in his office of Obama and the Rev. Wright.

stretches in the light, in contemplation, a portrait of Gandhi's behavior. But once a model for the sculpture began to emerge from the rock, it had no longer been left in it. It wasn't just not American, the stiff and bulky shape struck some people as downright un-American like stone gothic, or woodlands. "This colonial style and social realist style of the proposed statue needs a genre of political sculpture that has already been pulled down in other countries," declared the U.S. Committee of the Arts, a seven-member group that is required by federal law to approve aesthetic aspects of monuments in Washing-

ton. They April 25 letter "strongly recommended" that the sculpture be "reworked." They urged the sculptor check out Michelangelo or Rodin.

But the style wasn't the end of it. The committee also expressed doubt about King's mood. This hulk-like figure with his grave arms crossed was a little too menacing, maybe a little too young-faced. "Confidence in character," allow they put it. "Where was the comradery of the Dream speech, and who was this angry black man? Under pressure, the memorial's massive architect, Ed Jackson, Jr., was seen announcing that back in China, the fervor between King's gigantic eyebrows was being carefully removed.

But the hackles sparked a backlash of its own. "The art commission, for some reason, was not comfortable with the image of a stern, fixed, lit-off black man who has his arms crossed," wrote Eugene Robertson, a columnist in the Washington Post. Black commentators, he said, are making us "think the new commission for trying to make a gloriously angry man look like Master Rogers without the crotch pants." And, he added, "It does seem people would prefer to remember King as some sort of paragon of forbearance who, through suffering and martyrdom, showed the nation how to do the right thing." In truth, he was a "man of action," showed passion, not shame, Robertson wrote.

The pose was originally chosen to show King emerging from the "Mountain of Despair" to face Thomas Jefferson in his monument across the Tidal Basin, and Clayborne Carson, a historian at Stanford University and the director of the Martin Luther King, Jr. Research and Education Institute, who advised the architects on their working design. "This is the King who challenged

Jefferson's conception of the Declaration of Independence. That's what the 'I Have a Dream' speech was: here you wrote these words that all men are created equal and now we have to live up to them."

Carson says the pose was not intended to be confrontational. But he said that in his Black Obama was perceived similarly to Barack Obama's controversial Vice President. "He was perceived during his lifetime as stirring up trouble and even as a militant," he says. King led economic boycotts, spoke out against the Vietnam War, and led an unpopular campaign against his "army of the poor" to engage in civil disobedience. "If he had lived, he would be the controversial person he was at the time of his death," said Carson.

It was every other moment at any other time, it would make for lively national discussion, public art reaching a nerve, launching arguments over history, biography, and the limits of representational art. But as America flirts with the possibility of its first African-American president, the delicate issue of the memorial Obama has based his historic presidential bid in part on eloquent rhetoric of racial healing and national unity that he has in "my DNA." But his promise of transcending division and peace was undermined when it emerged that standing to the right of his smiling persona was his own grieving and shouting parent, Wright, who thundered "God Damn America!" and showed that grievance was very much alive, if not in Obama's speeches, then in his country. Obama chose first to defend and then rejected Wright, whose shadow presence to follow him all day on November 10 "think that as part of the baggage that a black figure has to carry—there is a fear that white Americans have of black Americans, the fear of retaliation for past wrongs. I think any black person who wants to transcend the racial divide and be a crossover leader has to ally that fear," says Carson.

As Obama blazes his unique trail, one of his few lights to navigate by is King, whose may not have been president, but a moral leader with his own national holiday. And as he labors in distant China, an unassuming sculptor may be setting in stone what quote of "righteous anger." American history will script, and carving out a delicate space between Obama and Wright. ■

THE ISSUE

BRITAIN: YOU MUSTN'T SEE MURPHY NAKED

Nobody wants to look at a naked 2,700-year-old woman. So says the Manchester Free Press, which is covering up a female figure in its cover story, along with her back and male body. The museum says that it is too slow to display a naked woman. The move was met with derision from experts and the public. Said one critic, "Many people realize that if they see Egyptian remains, some may not be dressed in their best bib and tucker."

South Africa is spiralling downward

BY MANDY McDONALD It was the small flag of the idea of the Rainbow Nation in prime time. That's how Elie Zuren, a New York-based expert on South African politics, sums up the harrowing, two-week wave of anti-immigrant violence that left 96 killed.



MIKEE with China's Hu Jintao: hapless handling of crisis

After he burned to death, Asians of thousands of foreign workers find, the country felt sharply and a government minister worried about the potential effect on the tourism sector, which accounts for one-tenth of the country's GDP. President Thabo Mbeki widely excoriated for his hapless response called the situation an "abject disgrace" that had blighted South Africa's brand. But that brand has—let's face it—been in a downward spiral for several years.

After the end of apartheid, South Africa, the continent's richest economy, seemed a beacon of stability and democracy. Diversity was part of its pride. Now the country, likely to be soon led by Jacob Zuma, who has withstood both rape and corruption charges, is growing famous for its runaway levels of violent crime, xenophobia and inequality. Little children in AIDS—even as it has the world's highest number of infected people—and crumbling Robert Mugabe's extended reign in neighbouring Zimbabwe. Indeed, Mbeki, chief negotiator for the Zimbabwe crisis in 2002, has said that there is "no crisis there, and walked hand-in-hand with Mugabe after it had become clear the occupant was dead beyond the realm of view. Meanwhile, South Africa, Britain's biggest African trading partner, has crept up to Iran, and, along with China, opposed UN involvement in Burma as it hurt. Big it isn't so. ■

Why Russia covets the Black Sea

BY GABRIEL ARNOLD-VENICE When it comes to a lack of neighbourly love, nothing quite compares to the volatile relationship between Russia and Ukraine. Among other things, the two have squabbled over Ukraine's desire to join NATO, how to honour the millions of people who perished in the Soviet-induced 1932-33 famine, and now are looking for ties in a new dispute over an old naval base.

Located in the southern Ukrainian city of Sevastopol, the base in question has served as a Russian naval hub for more than two centuries. In 1996, "in a token of brotherly love," former Soviet leader Nikita Khrushchev handed it over to Ukrainian officials as a "gift"—even as Ukraine remained part of the Soviet Union and inherited the base, and Soviet ships remained there. Following the breaking of the Soviet Union, Ukraine declared control of the region, and signed a lease agreement that would allow Russia to dock its Black Sea Fleet in Sevastopol until 2017. But then Vladimir Putin, Moscow's bristly and powerful mayor, declared in May that the city would fall under Russian control because it is vital to Russia's security—while Sevastopol residents, the majority of whom are ethnic Russians, celebrated the 25th anniversary of the Black Sea Fleet's presence in the city, chanting "Glory to Russia" and waving Russian flags.

Word by Vladimir's remarks, Ukraine



RUSSIA'S SOUTHERN EXPOSURE: A strategic need for Sevastopol

barred him from entering the country, and is drafting a law that would keep Russia out of Sevastopol once the lease expires. Russia, however, is resorting to intimidation. Last week the country's foreign ministry released a statement declaring that "Russia has been forced to take adequate measures against these Ukrainian politicians, who, with their actions and words, do harm to the Russian Federation." What those measures exactly entail have yet to be seen. ■

Scotland gets a fever for beavers

BY SEBAN MOHAMMAD After one year, they're back. Hailed as extinction for their pelts in 16th-century Scotland, European beavers will soon call the land of Scots home again after the government recently approved plans to reintroduce the creature back into the wild next spring. The campaign to bring back the industrious rodents will take place over the next five years. Scottish Natural Heritage will monitor the beavers' progress as well as the impact they'll have on the environment and economy before determining whether a larger reintroduction is viable. However, before the animals (which will be caught in Norway in the fall) are allowed to move into their new neighbourhood in Knapdale, Argyll, they will have to wait in quarantine for at least six months.



YON BOMMY beaver, back after a 400-year absence

After that, moving at four beaver families will be released into their new habitat, marking the first time a native animal has officially been reintroduced into the wild in the United Kingdom. Scotland's Environment Minister Michael Russell said the decision was an exciting development for wildlife enthusiasts everywhere. "They are charismatic, resourceful little creatures and I fully expect their reappearance in Knapdale to draw tourists from around the British Isles and even further afield." The potential return of the beaver has sparked considerable public debate—some Scots expressing delight while some worried the tree, bark and plant eaters would deplete timber resources, overgraze or be hunted again for their coats. But Russell said there is evidence to suggest the animals have a positive ecological impact in other European countries with similar climates, because they create a habitat that is welcoming to other species.

The narrow lochs in Knapdale have been named as possible reintroduction sites for the critically endangered beaver, which can grow to weigh up to 44 lb and are generally heavier than their North American cousins, hunking lower down. The project is led by the Scottish Wildlife Trust and the Royal Zoological Society of Scotland, in partnership with Scottish Natural Heritage. ■

Erin and Mike in the morning.

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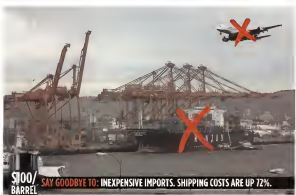
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BUSINESS

AFTER CHEAP OIL



Soaring energy costs are about to change everything BY JASON KIRBY AND COLIN CAMPBELL

Back in the 1990s, when Osama bin Laden was still giving instructions to jihadists and didn't have a \$50-million bounty on his head, one of his biggest grievances with the West was over the price of oil. At around US\$30 a barrel, it was far too cheap, he reasoned. The Western world was ruthlessly bleeding the Middle East by not paying fair market value for oil. It had to be stopped. A quasi-aggressive poet? At least US\$800 a barrel, he once said, maybe even US\$1200.

Mission accomplished. Suddenly a world in which oil costs well over US\$100 a barrel isn't just the dream of a terrorist bent on destroying the United States and its allies. It is reality. Oil recently hit US\$115 a barrel,

more than double where it was a year ago. And the once unimaginable prospect of oil at US\$300 a barrel is gaining currency among the world's most important oil watchers. Jodi Babine, chief economist with CIBC World Markets, predicts oil will rocket to that level by 2012. Goldman Sachs figures we'll get there even sooner. Other analysts, meanwhile, have begun to float more startling figures, oil at US\$1250, even US\$1900 a barrel.

The world is now facing an oil crisis few predicted and even fewer are prepared for. It's impossible to underestimate how crucial cheap oil has become to our way of life. It's shaped how we get our food, what we buy, where we live, how we work, and the way we play. Cheap oil opened up the world to millions of travellers via discount airlines, allowed thousands to buy their first homes in sprawling suburbs, and enabled consumers to get their hands on ever cheaper goods, shipped just in time, from around the globe. Now economists say all of that is at risk.

Exactly how the end of cheap oil will change our lives is still far from clear. But change there will be, in profound and dramatic ways. If the price of oil continues to climb to US\$200 a barrel, it won't just be that people will have to drive a little bit less or skip the family trip to Disneyland. Across the board the cost of living will explode, not just for luxuries but basic necessities as well. To hear some experts tell it, we're headed for nothing short of Oléanegeddon. At the very least, they say, the age of plenty is over.

The pain has already begun. Gasoline prices in Canada now stand at around 50.30 per litre, up 10 per cent over the past year. That jumpy has hit car sales. Ford Motor Co. is slashing production of SUVs and pickups, putting thousands of already struggling auto workers out of their jobs. A poll last week found half of Canadians have either cut back on how much they drive or are planning to. And with gas prices so high, a wave of gas-line theft has swept the continent. Forget

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locking gas rigs, there are crawling under cars with chains to drain out of their liquid gold. The price, meanwhile, may have to chase down those criminals on foot. Rising prices have many police departments parking their cruisers. In Georgia, the state police has been ordered to cutback driving time by 25 per cent.

In the short, the price crunch is even worse.

James Howard Kasper's name is a red word about what's coming. "The subsidies will turn to shreds, salvage yards and ruins," says the author of the book *The Long Journey*. "Repentance will thunder through the economic system causing a wide swath of destruction." As Kasper sees it, some time during this decade half of the world's recoverable petroleum will have been

if oil keeps reaching higher, and the repercussions will ripple out from there. More than 60 per cent of the oil consumed in North America goes toward transportation, with the largest amount used to power passenger vehicles and transport trucks. By some estimates, eight out of 10 Americans rely on cars to get back and forth to work. (In areas like Toronto, that figure is more like 95 per cent,



The oil industry is grappling with a 75 per cent jump in the price of jet fuel and corporations are passing those costs right along to passengers through fuel surcharges of as much as \$18 for a round trip ticket. Air Canada and American Airlines have even started charging for checked bags, while Air Canada is thinking of similar cuts. Now, there are fears of bankruptcy plans to the industry's peril.

In recent every day companies announce another round of price hikes, for everything from beer and vinyl to gas. Starbucks coffee and diapers. Even then, rising energy prices take time to filter their way into the economy. Experts say we're only now feeling the effects of \$140 a barrel, and with signs of a return to the carbon days of double-digit costs, the real costs have just begun to gather. Should oil hit \$150 a barrel in the next few years, the world will be severely recognizable.

According to Statistics Canada, if oil keeps US\$200 a barrel, Kasper's CIBC World Markets has said the average price of gasoline could reach its 25 per cent hike, a 75 per cent jump over what it is today. At that price, it would cost \$15 to fill up the average gas tank, \$30 for those with deep enough pockets to still be driving. \$60 is double that for the two-car garage suburban who's someone earning \$22 an hour, the average wage of Canadians between the ages of 15 and 24, would have to put in day and night's work just to afford a fill-up. And for those who get behind the wheel of a large vehicle for a 200-litre round trip commute, the average annual fuel bill could surpass \$12,000—enough to buy a subcompact car with better mileage. "If the price of oil goes to US\$200 a barrel, one of my friends is going up on blocks," says David Carson of the Canadian Centre for Energy, an oil profit research group in Calgary, referring to his gas-guzzling Mustang. "I really envy my daughter for her Honda Civic."

The worry that lives on like the pump is far nothing compared to what will transpire

What if the BCE buyout falls apart?

BY JASON KIRBY • For nearly a year, BCE has been preoccupied with a single goal—selling itself. Now, as the \$7.5 billion takeover by private-equity funds hangs by a thread, many investors are wondering what happens if the deal falls through and McCell has to go back to being her old dowdy self again.

Last week, BCE shareholders won a major victory when a Quebec court found the deal didn't take into account their interests. The company has vowed to appeal the case to Canada's top court, but it could be tough to get a ruling before the deal's June 16 deadline, even though the court has agreed to fast-track its decision over what to hear the case. Meanwhile, the banks that are financing the takeover have balked at the terms because the order could have made it harder to raise money. The bidders, including the Ontario Teachers' Pension Plan, say they're still eager to finalize the deal. Yet at least one analyst pegs the odds of failure at 60 per cent.

The good news is that BCE is a better operation than it was a year ago. The company has laid off whole departments and cut costs to make a look suggest to potential buyers on paper. "They had a near death experience and that's forced them to make changes," says Karl Mogen, a professor of management at McGill University.

The bad news is the delays have effectively left the company rudderless. With its future up in the air, BCE has deferred critical strategic decisions and, because uncertainty such as CEO Michael Saha was expected to step down after the deal, they haven't been investing in the future of the company. "If you just sold your house but the deal hasn't quite closed yet, you're not going to install new carpets and redo the kitchen," says Tara Grant of the RealEstate Group. "If the deal falls through, they may turn out to be a critical last year for a company that was already having a difficult time keeping up."



BCE'S SAHA thought he was outside them, so he didn't plan for the future

Canadians leave home in droves



JUST WHEN the tourist industry needs us most, we go to the U.S.

BY CAMERON ADENWORTH-VINCE • It's no secret that fewer Americans are taking their holidays in Canada, which has been a huge blow to our tourism industry. Yet before the radar is even more bad news, economic ally speaking, Canadians are leaving the country at record levels to travel abroad.

According to data released by Statistics Canada last week, the number of trips made by Canadians to destinations outside the country increased by staggering 16 per cent this March over last. In raw numbers, that means an extra 605,000 foreign trips a month. About 85 per cent of those trips are to the U.S., which has boosted travel to the States higher than it's been for a decade.

Canadians are leaving the country in droves because we're "becoming more adventurous and taking advantage of a strong dollar and the increase in purchasing power this comes with that," says Adrienne Sherris, a senior economist with Scotiabank. That's great news for travellers, but it could be bad news for our economy. Extra trips abroad could mean less travel by Canadians within Canada, and according to Statistics Canada, of the \$70 billion generated from tourism spending in 1997, domestic travel accounted for nearly four out of every five dollars.

More Canadians leaving the country means more of our dollars spent in foreign economies, just when the tourist industry at home needs that money most. Randy Williams, president of the Tourism Industry Association of Canada, says domestic travel has been strong over the last few years, but the question now is whether that will continue.

"The industry is quite concerned about this summer," he says. "We keep thinking that we've been sold out and we can start to grow again, but then it comes down and we wonder how low it can go."

Why Zappos pays new hires to quit

BY RACHEL MENDLERSON • You may not be able to buy the loyalty of your staff, but one American company has found a great way to test it: offer employees cash to quit.

In just five years, the Internet shoe peddler Zappos has exceeded its sales from \$70 million to \$1 billion, thanks in part to its friendly call center employees, who sell its virtually anything to make customers happy. How does Zappos guarantee that its team of 1,600 agents embodies the corporate culture of a place where parades and holiday trips are regular activities? After prospective staffers complete one week of paid training, they are presented with The Offer—quit today, and receive a \$1,000 bonus.

The quit-now incentive, which started with a firm of 100, was inspired by Zappos CEO Tony Hsieh as an experienced 24 years ago. The philosophy is, if you want call center employees to rely on their own judgment instead of scripted answers to solve customer questions, you had better make sure they really want to be there, says training manager Rachel Brown.

The Las Vegas-based company soon dis-



ZAPPOS HAS legendary service, because it pays the dude to leave

covered that whether trainees accept or script it. The Offer is also a means of empowerment. "We usually have to make people stop and think. 'Do I really want to make a commitment to Zappos and this company?'" Brown says. "It's always worth it." Since The Offer was born, about three per cent of trainees have cashed in and left.

Offering people who probably wouldn't work out the chance to leave voluntarily has likely saved the company hundreds of thousands of dollars, and empowering employees boosts morale. The program has been so successful that just last January, the bribe was increased to \$1,000. For Zappos, says Brown, it's been money well spent. ■

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JUSTICE

CAT FIGHT IN THE TOY AISLE

The world's top doll companies are in a nasty legal battle for money and market share

BY SHARON GROSS • While the world has been preoccupied with the influx of lower-cost toys, the original queen of dolls, Barbie, has become the target of an alleged "nasty" legal battle. The world's top doll companies are in a nasty legal battle for money and market share. The "nasty" litigation is a push of way, 10-inch fashion dolls named Goe, Jelle, Yvonne and Sasha—a.k.a. the Bratz, property of MGA Entertainment. For four years now, the two doll makers have been engaged in a legal tug-of-war over copyright infringement and unfair competition. This week, a jury is scheduled to determine, once and for all, who is the rightful owner of Bratz—Barbie's biggest over-the-hill competitor in the U.S. 4-to-6-year-old fashion-doll sector.



ALLEGED INTERNAL EMAIL FROM PROFIT LINK OF A "BRATZ" GOSPEL

At its core, this is a fight over who: Carter Bryant, a former Mattel designer and the inventor of Bratz, "the only girls with a passion for fashion." Unlike Barbie, with her angelic proportions, Bratz, which MGA first released in 2004, have flat, bell-shaped eyes, small noses and enormous heads. They are ethnically ambiguous and have fashion-related career ambitions. Most importantly, these dolls have what marketers call "attitude"—a sassy, self-important sensibility that is typically aligned with mean girls. Bratz is like the Glee and Gossip Girl.

"One of the things I think is really aggressive is that Barbie always wanted the support of moms," says Chaz Bryant, a New York-based toy industry analyst. "Bratz really went right to the kid." Because of their sassy clothes and mature popularity with teens, Bratz quickly emerged as ground zero for the sexualization of girls debate—the American Psychiatric Association dinged their marketers, 6th and 7th graders saw "vibrant."

Byrne doesn't believe for a second the story that the Barbie franchise is dying, he does think the advent of Bratz forced the company to wake up and innovate. "I think Mattel was a little bit taken by surprise by Bratz," says Byrne. "They certainly didn't anticipate the challenge that it caused."

Mattel first attempted to win back market share with the 2003 launch of Flava, the hip-hop line of 10-inch dolls. A pair of

executives could even dream up. Consisting of a "crew" of six multi-ethnic dolls—with "bratz" names like Happy D, Ryan Brown and the Flava crew. "The first really successful fashion doll brand that collected today's teen culture."

Crucially, Mattel's on-gel allegations, MGA sued Mattel in 2004 for "serial copying" of Bratz's "traits, ethnic looks, fashion and packaging." MGA spokesperson David Silver says the suit will go to trial in 2009. In fact, in 2006, Mattel sued MGA, and in 2007, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2008, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2009, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2010, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2011, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2012, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2013, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2014, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2015, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2016, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2017, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2018, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2019, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2020, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2021, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2022, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2023, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2024, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2025, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2026, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2027, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2028, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2029, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2030, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2031, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2032, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2033, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2034, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2035, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2036, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2037, MGA sued Mattel, and in 2038, MGA sued Mattel, and 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A SCHOOL OF ONE'S OWN

A B.C. student's quest to get young Afghan girls like her educated

BY NANCY MACDONALD • Just 11, Aislin Polansky is already giving million speeches. She's also done Canada AM with Seamus O'Regan, CBC's *The Current*, made it a five-minute documentary in *The National*, and had a prime-time interview on the *Prime Minister's* *Weekend Update* series. At David Sloan Elementary School in tiny Whitefield, B.C., she even met, nerve-racking them with, with Stephen Harper. The founder of Little Women for Little Women in Afghanistan was addressing the entire student body—everyone she knows, “pretty much,” including her brother Connor, 16, who sat at the back with shoulder blades.

For the past two years, the fifth grader has been raising money to help schoolgirls in Afghanistan. Three, in years after the fall of the Taliban, less than a third of eligible girls are in school. The low enrollment rate is due partly to the fact that the country began attacking schools as soon as girls finally started trickling into them, and partly because of a simple lack of funds for schools. Where schools, teachers and textbooks cost at all, they're often of such poor quality that only a fraction of the girl will obtain a decent education. “Only 30 per cent of the teachers are even minimally qualified.”

“That’s where we can help,” said Aislin, standing before the crowd (bookish girls in the darkness) given at her school, in B.C.’s Okanagan Valley. She first heard of the plight of Afghan girls two years ago, at a speech by journalist Judy Armstrong. Armstrong, who is a contributing editor to *Maclean’s*, had written extensively about it. Macdonald, a 10-year-old girl’s schoolteacher, and the founder and teacher of Aislin’s school, Aislin couldn’t believe her ears. When she got home, she climbed into bed with her dad, Don, who works for environmental remediation firms, and recounted the speech “almost word for word,” says her mom Jennie, a dental assistant at nearby Kelowna. “What really struck me,” Aislin recalls, “was about girls not getting an education. I thought about what life would be like for me and my friends if we couldn’t get an education.” Aislin immediately, she began raising funds for Afghan

schools, eventually hooking up with a non-profit group, Canadian Women for Women in Afghanistan.

Indeed, if she and her best friends Cass and Mary were growing up in Afghanistan, the odds that they’d be in school are also thanks to the ongoing conflict and the Taliban’s strict policy of keeping girls out of the classroom. That tradition lives on, even in more progressive centres like Kabul, Herat and Mazari Sharif. In former Taliban strongholds like Zabul and Helmand, girls’ enrolment is lower than five per cent. Country-wide, the ratio of boys to girls in elementary schools is roughly two to one. But by high school, there are four boys for every girl. In over 90 per cent of rural districts, there are no girls in secondary school. In all, just 10 per cent of Afghan girls ever graduate.

Still, more than 1,500 new schools have been built in the past six years. And, according to the Afghan ministry of education, 5.4 million children are now enrolled—roughly five times as many as in 2002. On the other hand, most of the new schools don’t have actual buildings. And threats to teachers and students persist, particularly in the south, where the Taliban are strong. A year ago in the coastal province of Logar, not far from Kabul—considerably safer than the war-torn provinces that don’t have actual buildings—And threats to teachers and students persist, particularly in the south, where the Taliban are strong. A year ago in the coastal province of Logar, not far from Kabul—considerably safer than the war-torn provinces that don’t have actual buildings—

At a cost of roughly \$750 per teacher. Recently, the Harper government decided to match, dollar for dollar, the amount raised by the Canadian youth organizations, bringing the number of female teachers to over 300. The government is also providing \$250,000 to a teacher training program in Kabul province run by the United Nations, as well as \$5 million to support projects aimed at improving women in Afghan society.

“Helping up the girls, Aislin has had to raise a lot of school, right from her mother (leaving a far jump in the air from Aislin behind Jimmy’s back). In Ottawa this spring, Harper presented



MANY OF Aislin's success stories take part in the charity

JUST A TENTH OF AFGHAN GIRLS GRADUATE. MANY DON'T EVEN GO TO SCHOOL, TO ALAINA'S DISMAY.

the 11-year-old for “providing hope and support to thousands who were denied basic human rights and broken by the Taliban for this simple, human reason that they were female.” There, she was also awarded by visiting Afghan female parliamentarians, the 10th Best Kid award. Aislin’s success, however, is not all purple and gold. “I’ve seen ‘all over’ her hands and face, she says, scratching up her nose in pink disgust.

There’s something about kids like Aislin, whose smile still shows the girl’s missing baby tooth, and who haven’t been in school since she was 10, who make it so easy to see the world’s unhappy truths—poverty, racism and inequality will always exist, for instance—that makes adults melt. At the school assembly, a Conservative political opponent broke down in tears as he headed the young fundraisers’ play from the federal government, not

apprising their efforts. So did school blessing Darlene Godkin. “The women really don’t do them,” Godkin later told *Maclean’s*. “People flock to them.” (Aislin’s untold by the way green was that someone like “Happens all the time,” she shrugs, pushing back away was of dirty blond hair.)

After the assembly, Davidson Road Elementary’s 25-member chapter of Little Women followed her into the school’s music room. There, the fourth- and fifth-graders described to Aislin’s what their lives might be like if they were transported to Afghanistan, where, they explained, “boys go to go out and play, but girls have to stay home and cook and clean.” “I’d feel trapped because I couldn’t go out without a man,” said one. “I’d have no friends to play with,” said another. “I’d feel dumb, cause I’d have to stay home and do things instead of going to school,” said a third. “I’d be as smart as a RABBIT,” said another from the back, sparking an explosion of giggles, and a host of sports, books and TV shows—especially hockey, Harry Potter, *Monsters*—they’d miss most. Aislin, who’s convinced girls in nearby communities to launch Little Women chapters of their own and is talking to kids in Newfoundland and Manitoba about doing the same, is a natural leader. At school practices,

she’s always first in the ball, deftly controlling the play. In this season opener a few days earlier, Aislin—a centre forward—was the long-legged one for drowsed sports—acted a bit track. In all, three quarters of her soccer team, the Little Country Lions, are involved in Little Women in some capacity.

Her concern doesn’t stop at fantasy on the soccer, she is moved by suffering close to home. On the way to school with *GoGo*, one, the Kelowna-based Little Women team that donate its services to Little Women, Aislin encourages her mom’s conversation to tell her the homeless person with the sign “Family abandoned by alien. Grandpa is gone. Friends made.” He moved to a new corner. Her dad, the woman has from the back window, willing the family’s pickup truck to stop. “We’re always so greedy,” she whines. “Someday, she’ll be making a difference in Kabul and Kelowna, she hopes. First, though Grade 6. ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN GATSKOWSKI

CONQUERING EVEREST, AGAIN AND AGAIN
A Nepalese Sherpa has conquered Mt. Everest for the 16th time, the most that anyone has ever climbed the 8,850-metre peak. After Everest, Mr. Tenzing Norgay Sherpa has also climbed some of the so-called “super peaks,” much praised by mountaineers for their reportedly superhuman stamina. Apparently close competition is another Nepalese Sherpa, Chhewang Rinzi, who has made the record 10 times.

OPENING UP THE FLOODGATES

Companies are free to make millions selling us our own water



BY JONATHAN GATSKOWSKI
The day of reckoning was scheduled to arrive next for a place in urban sprawl that pumps 1.6 million litres of water a day from the ground virtually free of charge, packages it in environmentally unfriendly plastic bottles, then sells it back to the public at a huge profit. Local opposition in Guelph, Ont., was strong; with more than 8,000

residents signing a petition expressing fear that Nestlé’s “Pure Life” bottling plant south of the city was a smug waterworks and depleting aquifers that provide much of the fast-growing community’s drinking water. Add to a provincial government that came to power vowing to end the “milkless growth” of water, and it seemed like David had God with on the ropes.
But in mid-April, Ontario’s Environment Ministry quietly rejected Nestlé’s ground water extraction permit, with no indication of its daily limit. That, it was for two years, instead of the usual five, and new conditions were imposed, requiring stricter monitoring of impacts on the water source and local wildlife. The government also tied on a \$1,000 processing fee, and as of next January, the company—like all heavy water consumers—will be subject to an additional charge of \$1.71 per million litres extracted. (In Nestlé’s case that will work out to \$13.95 a day on production worth close to \$4 million.) Considering bottled water’s new status as an eco-product, it was hardly the resounding victory green campaigners had hoped for. Even Ontario Premier Dalton McGuinty expressed frustration, calling it a “takeaway” fee and blaming legal constraints for the outcome. But what really should give the public pause are the reasons why things turned out the way they did. Because what it comes to protect

ing what is often called Canada's most precious natural resource, tolerates fees and promises of good behaviour might be the best that anyone can do.

Water, it seems, defies legal boundaries as easily as it does physical ones. Under the Constitution, it is the province that has responsibility for its management and use as a resource, but Ottawa oversees control over things above and below the water's surface—shipping, navigation and fisheries—as well as its international trade. Agreements like NAFTA and the WTO have limited the power of governments at all levels to charge taxes or duty on water, or limit its export. And while fences will be built and limits imposed on the grounds of environmental protection, actual limits have to be determined—often a difficult proposition given how little we know about where our groundwater comes from, and how much there actually is.

"The kind of expertise necessary to stay on top of this on a regulatory basis just isn't there," says Tony Clarke, executive director of the Polaris Institute, an Ottawa public policy group that champions water issues. "We've scraped less than one bit of the groundwater sources in this country. We are way behind." In Canada, water management and survival have mostly happened at the local level, notes Clarke, shifting the burden to the sector with the least resources. And while the federal Environment Department has convened an expert panel to advise on an what scientific knowledge is needed to create a comprehensive groundwater management plan, there seems to be little momentum toward a new national policy. It's a lack of urgency that mystifies Clarke, given the growing worries about drought and climate change: "There are some serious, serious problems on the horizon," he says. "And governments don't even know how much water is being used."

Ontario (along with P.E.I.) finds itself in an even trickier situation. Unlike the other provinces, where the Crown has vested ownership of water, Ontario's water is simply held in common and managed by the government. In practical terms this prohibits the province from treating water like gas or oil and charging a royalty on extraction. Challenging water's legal status would involve long and costly negotiations with a variety of rights holders, including farmers and First Nations.) Various court decisions have further dented the province's hands by determining that water law can't trump any other than the actual administrative cost of management programs. But in the meantime legal confusion as to whether water is a commodity or a product—do you have to furnish it to all businesses, or can you peak and charge who gets to use it?—and even environmental activists feel a

little bit sorry for the decision makers.

"I see them in a kind of Catch-22 situation," says Annastasia Lintner, staff lawyer at Ecojustice (formerly the Sierra Legal Defence Fund) and adviser to the Guelph group that opposed the Nestlé permit renewal. "They can't make it a tax, because that would not modify water and groundwater trade agreements" but at the same time, the new "water agreement" firm, which will pull in an estimated \$15 million a year, are unwilling to fund the type of oversight that's necessary. "They are stringing their changes to fund an inadequate process," says Lintner. "It's not just about the quantity you are taking, it's where you are taking it from." (Ecojustice actually gave Ontario the highest grade, an A-, on its latest

reporting 1,180 new requests every year. Food customers, the cement industry, breweries and beverage makers are also being targeted with the new fee as "highly consumptive" businesses whose end product takes 30 to 100 per cent of the water used in the manufacturing process. In the future, the charge will be extended to "medium" users like schools, golf courses, and pulp and steel mills.

Linda Nowlin, the author of "Buried Thins are," a landmark 2005 study on Canada's groundwater, works for the University of British Columbia's program on water governance and says the provinces are engaged in a delicate balancing act, trying to reconcile environmental protection with the needs of industry. "Generally speaking, governments

GIVING IT ALL AWAY: Nestlé pays roughly \$13.36 per day on production worth \$4 million



NESTLÉ PUMPS 3.6 MILLION LITRES FROM THE GROUND A DAY

refused. Drinking Water: Report Card.") The bottled-water industry, the flow of which is off the charts—doubling, reportedly points out that it actually the biggest user, accounts for just a 2 per cent of Ontario's annual groundwater pull. And bottled water imports—which eventually find their way back into the ecosystem—forcing out the province's for-profit bottlers. In 2004, the industry had 31 permits to extract 20 million litres a day (not including bottlers like Coca-Cola's Dasani or Pepsi's Aquafina, which use treated municipal tap water). As of April 2007, there were more than 6,600 permitted groundwater users in Ontario—each taking at least 50,000 litres a day. And the province is

as slow to regulate water use as it is to regulate air use, she says. "But I think governments see it as a good economic development opportunity." All the focus on bottled water may be a little ironic, she says, noting much greater environmental threats like Alberta's tar sands projects, which need two to five barrels of water to extract one barrel of crude. One way forward would be for governments to start comprehensively looking at all the environmental costs of industrial sectors—pollution, packaging, energy use. But H₂O will always be a hot-button issue, even in water-rich Canada. "It's not like other commodities," says Nowlin. "It's essential to life."



WILD PIGS ARE THE POLICEMAN'S BEST FRIENDS

Two German car thieves managed to evade pursuing police by ducking into a dense forest in the Hockenheim-West Pfalz region, only to find themselves in the midst of a peck of wild boars. The boars didn't take kindly to the thieves and gave chase, forcing the two teenagers up a tree. And when the boars showed no interest in leaving, the two thieves were obliged to telephone police for help. They're now under arrest.



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HE'S NO ANGELINA

Which of these social-justice films will catch fire? A) 4½ subtitled hours on Che Guevara or B) a Jolie melodrama. BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

film

For 13 days each May, Cannes plays host to the world's most intriguing and often controversial showcase of international cinema. And this year, it's the festival for Che Guevara.

Reviewers became temporarily befuddled that nothing on the festival marquee more than movies. Yet there's a special lack in cinema among filmmakers in Cannes who are not movie stars, as if their real-world celebrity comes in a harder currency. In 1966, Che Guevara reached his career at the festival for the premiere of *Así como tú*. And this year, two of the most iconic revolutionaries on the red carpet were American-born Chicago Mike Tyson and Argentine soccer prodigy Diego Maradona. As subjects of glowing documentaries, these two fallen superstars both burned out as a cocaine-fueled blur of bad behavior, sought redemption as champions of Third World revolution—and by intense coincidence, both now have the face of Che Guevara etched on their bodies.

The guy has been dead for 40 years, but in Cannes this year no star was more talked about, or elusive, than Che. The hero of the Cuban revolution, and the world's most ubiquitous T-shirt icon, is now the subject of a new universal 4½-hour movie by Argentine director Steven Soderbergh.

Che was by far the most hotly anticipated entry among the 22 features in Cannes competition. It arrived near the end of a program that had unfolded like a director's reading for a devilish devilution—from the pandemic horror in Canada's opening night film, *Monsters*, to scenarios of deep-seated corruption and violence in movies like Turkey's *Three Monkeys*, Italy's *Generals*, and Hollywood's *Changeling*. Che closed as the solution card—a \$45 million epic by an Oscar-winning director starring Benicio Del Toro as the most enduring and romantic revolutionary war of the 20th century. As a political figure who found a permanent resting place in pop culture, even Mao is no match. Che is the Communist martyr who became

a universal brand, thanks to that famous Alberto Korda photograph. In Soderbergh's words, "he's great movie material." But those expecting a Hollywood spectacle—*Lawrence of Latin America*—were in for a shock. Che turns out to be an uncompromising and unflashy hero.

It's actually two movies that were shot separately. The first tracks the Argentine revolution; the second depicts Guevara's campaign in the 1959 Cuban revolution, starting with his 1964 visit to the UN. The second part tracks the grim crown landing up to Che's 1967 capture and execution in the Bolivian jungle. The two parts were shot back-to-back with superimposed and shared locations, resulting of half a sandwich. By



CLINT EASTWOOD directs and Jolie stars in *Changeling* (left). Benicio Del Toro plays Che Guevara in *Che*

In Cannes no star was more talked about, or elusive, than Che

the end, critics were asking: Even those proclaiming Che a masterpiece were wondering how his saintly martyrdom of a history lesson, in Spanish with English subtitles, could even be distributed in North America.

Soderbergh has divided his career between indie Hollywood fare like the *Ocean's* trio, and very experience is like *The Good German*. But *Che*, a project financed largely in Europe, has no real precedent. It could be seen as the first big-budget Communist movie by an American director, not just for its subject but its aspirational style of filmmaking. Sure, Warren Beatty made *Red* (1981), but it was

not only upstaged with Hollywood romance and heroics. Che is not heroic, or even anti-heroic. Soderbergh has gone so far out of his way to avoid making a conventional biopic (such as his own film *Jack*) that he's deprived his audience of the most elementary pleasure, such as emotional intimacy. Or what shades cinematic call "movie moments." Che screenwriter Peter Blackburn, whose credits include *Boys n the Hood*, says, "Everywhere I've worked in Hollywood they all want more movie moments in the script. I quickly learned working with Steven that a movie moment is a bad thing."

Che unfolds in front of a backdrop of war and political strategy. There's barely a shred of per-



sonal detail. Almost two hours go by before we learn that Che has a wife and daughter in Mexico, only to discover before his death in the second movie does he mean that he has five children. That's all we ever hear of them. Also Soderbergh grants very few close-ups in a movie that could be called *Men With Swords*. Che is often just another face in the crowd. In Cannes, Benicio Del Toro was the prize for best actor—well-deserved especially under the circumstances. Del Toro is a big actor at the best of times, but the director holds his performance at such an emotional remove it's virtually clandestine.

I FEEL
SO GUILTY.
I SHOULD
TELL HER.

SOMETIMES, guilt causes the person having the affair to confess "when ready," his expert says. "They should keep their mouth shut."

I can't believe I'm having an affair

A therapist's advice for people who never meant to be unfaithful to their partner

BY JESSA MORRISWELL • Mrs. Kimbrough's latest self-help book, *When Good People Have Affairs*, prompted her friend to ask: Why publish an advice book that helps people who betray their spouses? You're not supposed to help those people, her friend said angrily. But Kimbrough, who is a therapist, says it's not the couple she's trying to help. They don't want help. "They don't lie awake at night feeling guilty and scared, wondering what to do," her book is for the decent person who's "made a mistake and got themselves into a complicated, messy, dangerous situation."

She cites the example of Abby, a church-going mother who was so sure up about her five-year affair she asked God to show her what to do about the mess she was in. Abby's cold and descending husband never hit her but he punched holes in the walls. He wasn't a great lover or a great dad. The only reason she didn't leave him was so she'd be there to mitigate the damage he might do to their son. Then the next "son" she kept bringing out to her: "It's nothing more seductive than a man who genuinely likes you," writes Kimbrough.

"Most good people who have affairs aren't pleased that it happen," she says. "All they wanted was their share of love and happiness. Then they met someone and the next thing you know they're in two relationships, their love life is a mess, and they feel like they're going crazy." Kimbrough quotes the latest research showing that 47 percent of married men are likely to get involved emotionally and/or sexually with someone else, as are 35 percent of married women.

Mending marriages isn't the book's prime objective. "Sometimes—many times in fact—

divorce is worth it," she writes. "It gets out of our misery-making marriage, so we have a chance of finding happiness somewhere else." Still, Kimbrough cautions the unfaithful to only tell secret that "there's something about having an affair that makes spouses look worse than they are and makes love look better than they are—you're lonely or horny, or mad at your partner. Something's not right in your primary relationship. Now here's what happens. You see the person through the lens of what's causing your primary relationship. If you understand this, you'll have seen a big clue."

Don't forget, she adds, "the first step failing is to live with someone new when you're already in a relationship with someone else, possibly feelings that 'I've lost love' tags." Guilty feelings, too, "play a scummy trick on people and lead them into big trouble." Sometimes guilt causes the person having the affair to confess to their partner "when ready" they should keep their mouth shut," she writes.

Other times it induces a person to say, "even though they really should be getting out." Guilt can cause a person to make "a disastrous commitment to someone they're having a transient relationship with," says the author. "One your relationship with your lover enough time for all the mistakes to rise off before you end your primary relationship."

shop," she stresses. Spend enough time for "the possibility of getting bored or irritated with each other to appear."

A client once asked Kimbrough to tell her what to look for in a guy. Do you have a business card, Kimbrough asks. "What does this phrase mean on the back of it: not a paid. Not really. Not really. Not really. Not really. Not really." On every one, she writes, "it's paid or not. If one of the people you're involved with fails on one, they fail, period."

In a chapter called "Cutting the Cord," Kimbrough says breaking up with someone is actually "not all that complicated." "When you tell someone you want to break up with them, their first response is almost always 'Why?' That question causes a terrible trap," she warns. It can lead into a discussion of how to patch things up. "Don't answer the question 'why' and don't go into details," she says. "The relationship just doesn't work or are not happy. If they ask, 'Why not?' the answer is 'because it just doesn't work for me.' Keep trying to change the subject to when and how you're going to separate," she says.

In the final chapter, she writes, "Divorce is something you buy, just like anything else. It's worth it at some price and not worth it at others." It's like hiring someone to clean out your basement for you, she says. "You might pay someone a few hundred bucks to do that, but you would be insane to spend tens of thousands of dollars to do it."

HOTTEST IMPROVED... JASON LEWIS

The trophy boy in *Sex and the City* can pretty much choose any woman in the world to date these days. But he admits he used to get stuck with house. One broken model, where he will not want. "It's really sick," Lewis says. "But really, only the real every body does. I remember thinking, 'You know, stick your head in the oven. Oh, God, even your hair stinks.' I had no idea what to do. I remember asking a female friend, 'What do I do?'"

MIKE CONNORS (left) plays a detective who seems to spend most of his time beating people up or getting beaten up himself

Back by popular demand: Mannix!

Fans' persistence got the '60s series on DVD—but it may not be the show they remember

BY JAMIE J. WEIDMAN • Who knew that Mannix was the ultimate cult show? With floundering DVD sales, most studios aren't bringing out a lot of older TV shows in the format, but on June 1, due to intense fan campaigning, Paramount will release an out-of-warehouse set of *Mannix: Season One*, a late '60s show starring Mike Connors as a detective who seems to spend most of his time beating people up or getting beaten up himself. The problems, the first season isn't exactly the show that fans remember, and it may not sell well enough to bring them the sequel they really wanted.

In its first season, as Paramount's good-quality prints, Mannix comes off as a stylish, entertaining mystery-action show, thanks to Connors, the writer Bruce Geller, and the show's main theme by LaSalle Schifano. The successful show, which ran from 1967 to 1975, was famous for its consequences free violence. *Mad Magazine* joked that the show offered "weekly gratis kicking of the defenseless." Today, it's not widely seen, but it has faithful fans who have lobbied Paramount to release the show, even going so far as the "Why isn't *Mannix* on DVD?" T-shirts. The movie took notice, a *Washington Post* article featured interviews with Connors and Mannix fan club organizers, who then used the article to publicize their plan for a *Mannix* DVD.

But what does *Mannix* have that you don't get in every other underused '60s show? "on-up series" My Dee Phillips, who runs a *Mannix* fan site or *mannix.net*, explains that what fans respond to most of all is the character of Joe Mannix himself, who, she says, embodied the best traits of a '60s hero. "He was a guy, he was tough, he was tender, he was a gentleman, he was a soft south for a guy in

middle in a bad world with a story and he played by his own rules." Today's television follows in nostalgia for the revolutionary '60s and '70s—the VHS format documentary *The Revolution*, or CBS's series *Swingtime*, which portrays the early '70s era when social norms broke down. But just as strong is the nostalgia for the other '60s, ruled by the Rat Pack or Jack Lord's low-end-order cop as *Mannix* j-j-j, today, when most heroes are callow youths or middle-aged heroes, *Mannix* is a link to the real culture of the '60s.

Soon after the *Washington Post* article ran, Paramount scheduled a DVD release for the first year of *Mannix*, with commentary tracks and interviews with Mike Connors. But the first year isn't the *Mannix* that fans love. It was a sequel. As co-creator William Lasker explains in his DVD commentary on the pilot, he pitched the show in *Television Buyer's Guide* (MCA) to *Mannix* agent the low-minded first season working for a detective agency with competitors and punch cards. After that, the show was remade, making any independent private eye helped only by a few characters. *First Friday* (Fox) and *Guided Light* (CBS) also ran the *Associated Press* in 1973 that they wouldn't have succeeded with the old format. "The best picture was don't I would fight the establishment and the computerized good-guys. That's what intrigued me originally

But you can't do that every week."

That doesn't bode well for sales of the first season. *Mannix*: Phillips thinks that big *Mannix* fans such as herself will be happy to see the first season, which won't run very well. "I personally really like the first season episode because they are so different." Pat Taylor, who runs another *Mannix* fan website at *rtphillips.com*, agrees, she also thinks that fans will enjoy the first season, but adds that "there are a number of who would have preferred to see *Mannix* released with the eighth season first and work backwards." And some fans beyond this don't mind seeing new early episodes. *Mannix*: *Impossible*, also a Geller production, had a different star in its first season (Steven Hill, later of *Law and Order*, left after a year), but it sold well enough that Paramount has released most of the other seasons. But people who aren't the hard fans sometimes may away from episodes that don't have the familiar format, other shows that were heavily reworked after the first season, such as *Night Court* and *Newhart*, got their first seasons out on DVD and they bombed so badly we never saw another season.

So *Mannix* has its redemption isn't doesn't sell, it will prevent fans from seeing the ones they remember best, and may convince studios that fan demand isn't enough of a reason to release a show. That makes this DVD set *Mannix*'s most dangerous season. Will, maybe not quite as dangerous as that time he got into a happier romance. ■

ACCORDING TO TV: GAYS AND LESBIANS

"California has approved gay marriages. Finally, taking love ones for granted won't be paid for straight people." —Jay Leno
"This is what happens when you have a governor who pays for your own often short as then in a suit." —Jimmy Kimmel
"Tonight was the season finale of *American Idol*, and America had to choose between two men. Ryan Seacrest said, 'That's walking I choose between two men every night.'" —Comedian D'Arcy



GETTY IMAGES





STEYN DID NOT SAY 'Super Bowl fans' will be forced to watch the game in a Muslim prayer posture. That was a Robert Fennigan novel.

Just to be clear, folks, it's a novel

There's an emerging sub-genre of Islamotopian fiction, and it's not my fault



MARK STEYN

down on 7/7, 2005.

"Despite the gallant resistance put up by the main elements of the Canadian Forces, notably the Royal 22nd and 7th Airborne Divisions, which did in defense of Quebec City, the Royal Canadian Regiment and Royal Canadian Dragoons, stationed in the former defences of Ottawa, and the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry and Lord Strathcona's Horse, included in detail in a *hugobeside* edition of the long western border, Canada—rather the dark art of well-poisoned areas that roughly paralleled the border with the United States—did quickly."

Oh, dear! Only 12 years of "Canadian well-poisoned" art. If you want to put in for your hip replacement now, they may just put you before the tools roll. It's going to be an arduous experience once the Princess Margaret Hospital is renamed for whodover built a brandy subsidiary under way running at the author of the above passage, Tom Kratman, adds.

"It is both interesting and to note that it was only those most despised by the government of Canada, and in ruling party, who actually proved willing to defend that government. Those who had been despised themselves, and who had themselves signified by right, now found themselves the center of attention of a country-wide sweep."

Hmm. Do you think he means Grits and

Dippers and Pigeons and whatnot? Hey, at least they don't wind up at Gitsoo.

Oh, well, could be worse. Don't ask me how the local and losing description of the fall of the possible Muslims comes from Mr. Kratman's new novel. No, it's not about Canada. Although the author specializes in military-fiction fiction, a US invasion of the friendly neighbor to the north doesn't require a lot of imagination—unless, that is, the Canada was, and the border dismantled tanks what up retreating across the 49th parallel, never more again to be so foolish as to make on the ground, and the war was won by the government. "All these stories about more WMD machines in Philadelphia than in the whole of Canada," sighed President Charles Clinton Obama. "Why didn't we figure out, if they're not spending the budget on WMD machines, they must be doing something else with it. To defend we understood that loosely about the 'Toronto General' and the 'Royal Victoria' being part hospitals."

She was about to finish the CIA director but at that point Lord Marshall Rhodes of the Ontario Human Rights Commission Mounted Division entered the Oval Office on a SARS-busting single moon.

Also, no. Mr. Kratman's novel is called *Caliphate*, and it's not more or less a century hence in a Muslim Europe at war with an imperial America. The fall of Canada's title more than a bit of belatedly to explain how things go that way. On the press release, the publisher includes a recommendation from the technodriver writer John King

describing *Caliphate* as "Mark Steyn's *America Alone* with a body count."

Only. That's not the head of genre that's terribly helpful right now. Insofar as it under states the complexities against it. Member's before the various "human rights" concerns now, it's that my hope speech could lead to body counts all over Canada, and now here comes Tom Kratman to pretty much prove the point. The thesis of my book is that the Western world is becoming more Muslim, and that this will change the nature of our societies. But an emerging sub-genre of Islamotopian fiction is beginning to delineate some of the options. Robert Fennigan has just published his of the *Assassins*, the second novel in his trilogy set circa 2040 in the Islamic Republic of America. He recently took time out of his hectic schedule of book programs north of the border to produce bookendings as finding himself part of a "human rights" case up north. As evidence of my "Baywatch Islamophobia," the Canadian Islamic Congress claims I "asserted" the following:

1. America will be an Islamic Republic by the year 2040—there will be a Muslim Islam in takeover;

2. As a result of the Muslim takeover, there will be a break for prayers during the Super Bowl, the stadium will have a surreptitious Muslim name, and the fans will be forced to watch the game in a Muslim prayer posture;

3. As a result of the Muslim takeover there will be oppressive religious police enforcing Islamic Muslim norms on the population, important U.S. icons (such as the USS *Boxer*) will be renamed after Osama bin Laden, no females will be allowed to cheer leaders, and popular American radio and television talk-show hosts will have been replaced by Muslim women.

But, no. I didn't "assert" that any of the

THE IRIS OF Fennigan's trilogy has been described as a kind of Muslim Bogart

above will happen. Robert Fennigan did—as the plot of his splendid novel, *Prayers for the Assassins*. As Mr. Fennigan put it, "It's as if that had occurred since the two of us walking to class and decided that it was better with the spunky ones. Sorry pal, first was!" The author was perplexed by any dream of any fate nation should be at the idea that the plot parts of a work of fiction—a creative art form, an act of imagination—opposedly contrive a hate crime in Canada. But he took particular umbrage at being described by the Canadian Islamic Congress as a "recognized Islamophile." "For the record," he says, "I am neither Islamophile nor neo-Nazi."

He's right. The hero of his trilogy—and, as the Islamic endures at the CIA (openly isn't) on top of this whole fence-type deal,

AS THE NOVELIST PUT IT, IT'S AS IF THAT HALL MONITOR SAW THE TWO OF US WALKING TO CLASS AND DECIDED IT WAS STEYN WITH THE SWEAKY SHOES. SORRY, PAL, C'EST MOI.

I should explain that the "hero" is the chap that you the reader are meant to identify with—a Muslim. Baklan Ego, a veteran of the Pentagon, "a small, thin face of gas, easily reduced by holy warriors." He's a cynical fellow—Joel Schwartz in *The Weekly Standard* recently described him as a kind of Muslim Bogart, which is the right general term, he's Philip Marlowe crossed with certain cabaret mellow/venet than Islamic countries—descent follows and no illusions about the societies they serve. Fennigan's second novel puts Baklan and Fennigan in the past of the old United States that didn't go Muslim—the south-eastern "Bible Belt," a wild western land of rough justice and cartoon religiosity in which the better warrior nation is the daily re-enactment of the "White Star." Mr. Fennigan's best sometimes finds like a newspaper these past week large. So, if

Christianism were as willing to brandy around accusations of Christianity holiness, they'd have in much to work with as the Canadian Islamic Congress does. And, as one degree or another, both authors of the old United States—the Islamic Republic and the Islamic societies in decline, living off the accumulated capital of a lost past.

If you're minded to spot Islamophobia in everything, Tom Kratman's *Caliphate* may offer easier pickings. His Islamic Europe is an incoherent mess—a land of ruined tracks and crumbling ruins. His protagonist is a post-CIA undercover operative in Germany who looks up with a Catholic cult sold into slavery and then into an elite brother. Fennigan's autocrat character and conviction, but Kratman's dystopia is a stark page after fall of starting events and bad act. I don't just mean the pneumatic house of books between the good and the bad.

Whether or not Mr. Kratman is an expert in this field, I cannot say. But let's be professional military men who retired as

insurance-olitical and was director, Hale of Law at the U.S. Army War College, so he's certainly up to speed on the military and geopolitical content of the book. What I found most intriguing was not so much the 12nd-century thriller but the short 21st-century interludes between chapters, detailing the great-grandparents of *Peter*, the child prostitute at the heart of the novel. Robert Fennigan imagines his dystopia with a big bang—terrorism and nuclear destruction that precipitates America's embrace of Islam. Tom Kratman also has books, but his 21st-century episodes are subtler, an impressionistic way to capture a nation's social transition. These stories are set in the Germany of the here and now, beginning with an Iraq war demonstration and the aftermath of the London Tube bombings. And then slowly and subtly the recent past turns into Kratman's

MACLEAN'S BESTSELLERS		
COMPILED BY BRIAN BETHUNE		
Fiction		
1 CARELESS IN KID	10/28	By Elizabeth George
2 THE HOST	1/6	By Stephen Meyer
3 UNACQUITTED EARTH	3/14	By James Lipton
4 THE MERKLE AT SPEEDY MOTORS	3/18	By Alexander McCall Smith
5 INVINCIBLE	1/8	By Eric Galt
6 THE CELLIST OF SARAJEVO	8/13	By Steven Galloway
7 UNCOMMON READER	7/20/01	By Alan Bennett
8 A THOUSAND SPLENDID SUNS	4/14/01	By Khaled Hosseini
9 A CASE OF EUPHONIC HANDS	1/5	By Michael Chabon
10 REVENGER	8/20/01	By David Copperfield
Non-fiction		
1 AUDITION	8/19	By Barbara Walters
2 THE LAST LECTURE	4/13	By Randy Paus
3 IN THE BEALM OF HUNGER	6/14	By Gabe Ruhl
4 THE USES AND ABUSES OF HISTORY	3/14	By Margaret MacMillan
5 WHO OWNS CANADA NOW	1/11	By Tom Kratman
6 THE TEN MOST BEAUTIFUL EXPERIMENTS	1/8	By George Johnson
7 AN IMPROPER OFFERING	7/13	By John Ortved
8 THE MAN WHO LOVED CRIME	4/19	By Simon Winchester
9 APPRAISALS	6/13	By Tony Judt
10 COMMON WEALTH	1/13	By Jeffrey Sachs
LAST WEEK'S BESTSELLERS		

imagined future, as the remorseless Islam insisted of Europe's societies.

We'll be seeing a lot more novelistic than-although perhaps not in Canada, of the Canadian Islamic Congress and their dapper members in the "human rights" commission succeed in their campaign to get fictional police-morale and more. But, even if they do, the Islamization of Europe goes on. It's a logical rule machine between two lefts forced (dances). "Why are you so certain everything's going down the rabbit?" Gabe, a young German of conventional elite American post-conviction view, who her Muslim boyfriend is he decides to get out of Europe.

"Because my people could f-k up a wet dream," Mahmoud answers. "And I'm hugging to think that your car, too." ■

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF HARRIS



A CHEF showed this writer how to shape raw meat over a ball of marinated chicken and then press the dough onto the oven wall.

Bringing Delhi to my backyard

An intrepid food writer's adventures with a newly acquired authentic tandoori oven

BY JACOB BISHLER • Not long ago I got an unexpected call from one of my favourite local butchers, Madan Puri, who is of South Asian extraction and, like me, a big fan of Viji's restaurant in Vancouver, as well as Tamarind of Mayfair and the other Michelin-starred Indian restaurants of London, England. He wanted me to know he had just installed a tandoor oven in his Toronto shop, The Butcher, and there was something more "I have an extra one," Puri said. "If you're interested it's yours."

This was an offer that I could not refuse. I had just received my kitchen and installed all the latest stuff from ElectroKitchen (wall ovens, convection ovens, warming drawers, dishwasher, high output gas cooktop, wine cooler, fridge with water filter and enough production to open a popular Mexican stand, and so on). But even with that and the modest complement of a propane-powered outdoor barbecue and a Big Green Egg cooker, there was something missing, and a tandoor made a lot of sense to me as the ultimate finishing touch.

I had went online from the moment I saw, thoughtfully took my first step to thinking how much better it would be if you got rid of the factory chicken your local Indian restaurant is driven to by Canadian regulations of a \$7.99 all-you can eat buffet, and instead applied the recipe to an expensive, plump and juicy bird from Les Virentes Biologiques de Châteauneuf, in Quebec, or Polk's Pines to B.C. Come to think of it, why stop there? With appropriate food, it could make tandoor cooking here for an afternoon snack, and tandoor jerk-off a proper feast. And there would be no less an afterglow buttermilk.

"When can you get it here?" I asked Puri.

A week later it was here: a stainless steel box on wheels framing a newly portable version of an oven that has already acquired recent tandoori fame since the Bollywood film called it the best a few times back. Now as then it is made of clay, conical in shape, and opens from the top, with its feet at the bottom, as this allowed meat must be lowered in vertically with one end of the spit resting on the coals, and breads must be the and baked stuck to the oven's walls. I was keen to get started.

But first, the oven had to be seasoned, and the instructions provided were decidedly weird: melt one brick of ghee (raw cow butter), add puffed spiced and gusted seed oil, stir and apply resulting black and odorous latex to the sides of the tandoor five times over for a few hours, let cool, do it again, and you are ready for business.

Well, I might have been if I had not then turned for culinary guidance to the esteemed Madan Bhushan, chef and owner of the three Michelin-starred Fat Duck, in Bray, England, and host of the BBC television series *Search for Perfection*, which involves seeking out the finest example of a given class dish, and then using a repurposing mix of culinary science and imagination to recreate and even improve on the experience back home. In his second season, on a quest for the ultimate chicken orka made with rice,

Bhushan's recipes call for Delhi to the kitchen of Madan, where Indian tandoor cooking is now known and loved. It was born in 1948—and he returns with a new recipe for the spread that constitutes 50 ingredients. I gave it a go only because he had usually found his tandoor process by running raw chicken through an MRI machine.

Three days later it was finally time to cook. The verdict: Bhushan's three-step marinade combined to produce chicken that tastes good but not too Indian. And I cannot say anything for his name because it dedicated the opportunity to bake to crisp perfection on any outdoor wall, opening instead to help to a fiery death on the coals below.

Sometimes chicken—or at any rate, not too hot to eat—was a shorter recipe than tandoor, as well as to have the remaining hair and skin of my right hand—hand of my right hand, the Indian. It was, as chef Bhushan (Bhushan for short) advised: "This is all very important," he said, in response to my many questions. But he gave a quick demonstration all the same and so now I know how to shape raw meat over a gently packed ball of marinated chicken, and then use it to roll and press the dough onto the oven wall. Bhushan's techniques are faster and easier than Bhushan's, and taste better too, but the Englishman still makes great TV. ■

ON THE WEB: For recipes go to www.madans.com/recipe



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COMMENT

A guide to Charlie Sheen's, er, newest scandal



SCOTT
FESCHUK

Let's talk about Charlie
Sheen's sperm.

After all, everything's doing
it. They're doing it on *The
Today Show*. They're doing
it in the pages of *People*
magazine. That's now every
reason to believe that Nic
macle's next hit TV game will put you in the
player's seat of one of Charlie Sheen's innumera-
ble highly spermatic. (And just wait:
'til you see how adorable Dorothy Wong looks
in his third trimester.)

It's true that each week *Maclean's* keeps
you informed about notable developments
in domestic politics, world affairs and stran-
gers' pending marriages. But shouldn't it also
inform you about things that people actually
talk about?

This handy Q&A will ensure you're never
at a loss for words when conversations around
your water cooler, commute or impregnated
daughter turn to Charlie Sheen's sperm.

How did Charlie Sheen's sperm make global
headlines this time?

Charlie's contends that his wife Denise Rich-
ards—who claims to have Charlie's gas (and,
by gosh, her) associations, his sperm)—had
in fact requested a quantity of said sperm for
the purposes of having a third child. While
married to Charlie, Denise gave birth to two
kids—neither of whom, all things considered,
have a hope.

Can he back up his allegations?

Always the first move in class, Charlie
released to the tabloids a copy of an email
written by Denise to his current girlfriend,
Brooke Mueller. "I am having a baby in the
next year... my girlfriend suggested Charlie
be the donor," the email read. "There are so
many complex things without Charlie and I
have very beautiful, healthy
children together. I was really looking for a
sperm donor if it's any of your business."



a parking lot to confront her with the
results and, since he's in the neighbour-
hood, offer up his sperm—the old-fashioned
way, maybe.

You tickle me, Mike Wallace is a perfor-
mance and a hero.

But you're the one who typed that whole—
Moving on.

Seems like Charlie is winning the PR war.
Wrong, idiot. Denise now claims that
Charlie has been dispatching vulgar text
messages attacking her mother, who
recently died of cancer. "I sent Charlie a
text message asking him if he's
going to *family day* [his daughter
starts school]," Denise told the *New
York Post*. "His response was, 'I
hope you and your worthless
asshole father get cancer and
join your stupid mother back-
ward' [bleeping] where!'"

That seems pretty nasty.

Not at all. You have to put the
remarks in context. To Charlie, call-
ing someone a "bleeping whore" is
the highest form of flattery. Charlie is
very fond of whores, especially the bleep-
ing kind. What's truly noteworthy here is
that the *Post* missed the real story: imagine
being a kid and having your dad, Charlie
Sheen, show up for *family day* at school. It
would start out great, right? Everybody
would be all excited about a big-time TV
star coming to the classroom. He'd be fancy
and charming and hold pose
for photographs. And then, when
he'd start gawping your teacher.

To Charlie, calling someone a 'bleeping whore' is the highest form of flattery

But back to the sperm. Does
Denise want or doesn't she?

Look—Charlie Sheen's sperm is a power
ful that Denise and most unfortunate women
on the West Coast are likely to be impreg-
nated by him anyway. But for the record,
Denise makes the *docs* not want? Charlie's
prostate-massive infested sperm?

Looks like that may raise more questions
than it answers. Question one: Charlie
Sheen's sperm is infested with transverse
prostate?

If it is, there's no need for concern. It's a
well-established medical fact that you can
rid your sperm of transverse prostate by
having Eddie Murphy take a drive through
your glands. ■

I guess it's a case of he said, she said...

Or is it? (Hint: it's not.) Charlie Sheen's
spokesman says the email's authenticity can
totally be proved through something called
"companion DNA." And he just so happens to
have received a letter from a woman to conduct
just such a companion-DNA test on a television
program.

I sure hope it's 60 Minutes. Then we'd get
to see Mike Wallace chase Denise through

ON THE WEB: To read Feschuk on the Denise
war hit book www.macleans.ca/sheen

LARRY RICHARDS

1958-2008

He loved horses all his life—when he went riding, the fields and trails became his cathedral

Larry Dean Richards was born on June 21, 1958, to Lilia Audine and Dale "Pappy" Richards in Kansas. His father worked with horses in farmstead fields, and struggled to support Larry, his mother and two older brothers, Jim and Tom. The family moved often, but Larry spent most of his early years in Colby, a farming town of about 150 in the northwest corner of the state. Despite his father's 14-hour workdays, dinner was rarely more than beans and bread, and Larry was "lucky to get one set of clothes a year for Christmas," Jim says. As a small boy he had a habit of darting into traffic—early evidence, says Jim, of his wild side. Like his father and brothers, Larry was drawn to horses, which became his escape from a difficult home life. His mother was envious and his parents fought often. "We did not have a real living, positive upbringing," Jim says.

By the time Larry's younger brother Lawrence (who later died) was born, Jim and Larry were working as "my other brother Larry," the boys were working in the fields and collecting berries to make ends meet. At 16, Larry moved out, and worked with horses in a feedstore and at a racetrack until he was old enough to join the army. He was good with his hands, and spent most of his 32 years in the service repairing mobile generators in Germany. Larry took it upon himself to learn the language, and achieved fluency with ease. When he spoke German, "his tone of voice would change, his accent would change and he was really happy," says Jim. Although Larry felt at home in Germany, he maintained close ties with his family. In 1988, Jim and his wife had twins. The marriage broke up when the children were babies, but Larry made a point of visiting them between tours. "We always knew we were first," recalls his niece Cynthia. Their relationship blossomed when Cynthia reached her late teens. The pair shared a bond; a love of horses and what she describes as "apertitud"—confiding in each other about the dreams and wishes they often had.

In 1990, a bankruptcy forced Larry to leave the military and return to the U.S. His marriage with his wife, Patricia, whom he had been openly proud of since their decade-long union, ended. Larry moved in with Jim in Council Bluffs, Iowa, where he struggled to shake the drinking problem he had developed in the army. He

balanced between maintenance jobs and picked up extra work repairing small engines. Before he got sober, he had a fling with a woman who later discovered she was pregnant. At first, Larry denied the baby, born in 1993, was his. He had been kicked in the groin by a mule as a teenager, and doctors predicted he would be sterile. Just after a test revealed that he was indeed the father, he began giving support and spending as much time with her as he could.

Larry took his sobriety seriously. He drew strength from Alcoholics Anonymous, and when he met his second wife, Joyce, in 1997, he was still attending those meetings a week. Once, valiantly bringing into a liquor-filled chocolate, he spit it out and called his sponsor. AA also helped Larry express his emotions, and although he could be arrogant and brash, he became more open about showing his family and friends how much he cared—"something we never got to do," says Jim.

Joyce, who is afraid of horses, didn't appear to have much in common with Larry. But they connected in conversation, and enjoyed going out for dinner and watching action flicks together. She persuaded him to move to a farmhouse with enough acreage for Denise and Jet, the horses he acquired soon after they were married. Larry "could talk to the horses," says Joyce, recalling how he would hide behind trees in the pasture, and they would find him.

He was not a religious man, but when he was riding, the fields were "his cathedral," says close friend Jim Braugher, who often rode beside him. "That was Larry's time with God," Joyce jokes. "He loved those horses more than he loved me." Jim Braugher occasionally volunteered with Larry at the fair, where they helped direct traffic in the parking lot on horseback, and let the kids pose for photos on Denise and Jet. Larry dreamed of one day opening a horse refuge.

On Sunday, April 22, Larry was working on a shed. When he ran out of sheet metal at about 1:30 p.m., he decided to take Jet and Denise for a ride with a friend. Braugher suspects he rode to nearby Lake Okama instead of his usual route through the fields because he was trying to get the horses used to water. But somehow Jet, the wildest of the pair and whom Larry was riding, became lost and he went under. It took rescuers two hours to find his body in the dark, muddy water. He was 49.

BY RACHEL HENDERSON



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